

# The Critic

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## The Critic

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## Literature

## The Aldine Edition of the "Sentimental Journey" \*

THE FIFTH VOLUME of the new Aldine Edition is Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," illustrated with a dozen capital photogravures by Mr. Stanley L. Wood, and printed in the elegant style of its predecessors in the series. It is said that Sterne predicted the popularity of this book, 'especially among the women, who would read it in the parlor, and "Tristram" in the bed chamber.' In this latter day we should say that it would 'take' with men rather than women, who at any rate would not be found reading it in the parlor. Horace Walpole thought it 'infinitely preferable to the tiresome "Tristram Shandy,"' which he 'never could get through'; but the verdict of time is unquestionably in favor of the earlier work. In style, they are equally inimitable. Hazlitt aptly characterizes it as 'the pure essence of English conversational style,' at times 'the most rapid, the most happy, the most idiomatic that is found' in our literature.

Among recent critics no one has so happily described Sterne as Prof. Dowden in his 'Shakespeare: His Mind and Art.' Commenting on Jaques in 'As You Like It,' he says:—'The melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental—a self-indulgent humor, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated. Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman; we need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Laurence Sterne.' \* \* \* His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal, a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. \* \* \* The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humorous distortion—this is what interests Jaques.'

If we chose to dwell on the subject we might point out resemblances between the two characters more in detail. Sterne's weeping over the dead donkey might be paralleled by Jaques's lament over the wounded deer; and so on. And yet neither had much genuine feeling. They could both grow lachrymose and sentimental over donkeys and deer, but had slight sympathy for human suffering. Sterne could neglect his wife and mother, and Jaques had nothing to utter but a few unfeeling jests when Orlando appeared at the dinner-table in the forest and demanded food for himself and the starving Adam.

Thackeray's criticism of Sterne is in the same vein as Dowden's. He says:—'I suppose Sterne had this artificial sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I do not value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet, and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always

\* A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Laurence Sterne. \$2. J. W. Bouton.

looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me: "See what sensibility I have—own now that I am very clever—do cry now, you can't resist this."

But, though we have small respect for either Jaques or Sterne, we find their sentimental acting—for it is merely a part that they play—amusing in its way. The banished duke loved to cope Jaques in his sullen fits, he said; and we all like to watch Sterne's kindred 'fits,' whether cynical or jocose.

## Mr. Leland's Translations of Heine's Prose \*

LOWELL SAID that Heine was a sentimentalist soured. Matthew Arnold held that he was a great liberator; that he was sour, but that he was one of those beneficent acids that dissolve, break up, liberate imprisoned good things, set free creeds and thoughts, penetrate petrified formulas, and prepare the way for their softening or for their amalgamation with new conditions and new circumstances of life. In all ages such liberators, if they have not been themselves a *crux*, have been crucified, and their crucifixion has been a way of elevating them before the eyes of the world until they have become more wonderful and admirable than ever before. In Mr. Leland's view Heine is a matchless literary genius who was ambidextrous in gifts and glory, with one gift flinging off incomparable ballads that recall the Border Minstrelsies of Scotland, with the other dextrous as Michael Angelo with his left hand, writing exquisite bits of prose—essays, philosophies, romances, travels, criticism—worthy to stand beside Lessing's or Voltaire's.

In all of these conflicting views there is truth and an element of reconciliation. Rome can be approached by the dreary Tiber or the rugged Apennines with their glimmering Campagna, or by the glorious commingled landscape of the Cornice road. The sentimentality of Heine is undoubtedly. All his life he remained young, exuberant, dreamful, poetic, a flower that knew no hibernation, an effervescence that kindled and sparkled to the last, showering its mercurial globules through epigram and stanza, through love-song and idyl to the hour of its sudden extinction. His acidity is undeniable: it is through this he has damascened his name on all contemporary thought, biting it in with nitric acid and making indelible and beautiful, if whimsical, patterns and designs wherever it touched. It is, after all, *sauertig* that leavens; and it was this *sauertig* of which Matthew Arnold speaks in his celebrated essay—an invisible, penetrating, vegetable growth permeating the heavy lump of the social organism as Heine knew it, lightening, quickening, aerating it, till it filled with air-chambers, sunshine and ventilation, and cried 'Robber!' on the liberator. Germany did not want to see itself as Heine saw it and revealed it to itself; the Romantic School did not; the philosophies of Hegel and Schelling did not. And therefore one and all cried out and groaned; the poet was banished, and took refuge—an exiled nightingale—in the periwig of M. de Voltaire.

Mr. Leland's view is far the truest and wholesomest of this literary triangle. There is no instance of another writer so gifted in prose and poetry, in flower and fruit, in body and soul as he. If we halve his gift we can allot one half to Aristophanes, the comic satirist, the reformer,—or to Voltaire, the unrivaled prose-writer, with his pen of steel; but the other half—of poetry, of eloquence, of melodious and matchless sound, of the beautiful landscape-painting, of command over plenteous and spontaneous inspiration—is not within the spheres of Aristophanes or Voltaire. In nature-painting as displayed by the 'Harz-Reise,' Heine and Jean Jacques Rousseau are twins. As a writer of brief and pregnant poems he is himself alone, unapproached as yet by any one, and therefore incapable of being compressed into the

\* 1. *Florentine Nights.* 2. *Pictures of Travel.* 3 vols. (The Works of Heinrich Heine. Vols. I., II., III. \$1.75 each.) Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland ('Hans Breitmann'). John W. Lovell Co.

service of any satisfactory literary parallel, Plutarchian or other. He, like Richter, must be called the 'Einziger,' the Unique, and it is to Laurence Stern and Richter that Heine is most nearly related in sympathy and mental mould, while far transcending either in versatile and multitudinous endowment.

We have long been familiar with Mr. Leland's pleasant translation of the 'Reisebilder.' Is the present volume (1) a continuation of that now quite ancient one? The introduction is vague and gives no hint of the translator's intention. In this volume we have the delightful 'Florentine Nights,' the Shakespeare fragments, the 'Rabbi of Bacbarach' and one of Heine's 'humoresques.' His charming, whimsical worship of women recalls Lamartine's beautiful lines:—

Vous êtes ici-bas la goutte sans mélange  
Que Dieu laissa tomber de la coupe de l'ange!

The translation of 'Pictures of Travel' (2), in two volumes, has long been before the public and was known to Heine himself, in 1855. Mr. Leland has qualities of mind and talent which peculiarly fit him as an interpreter of the most brilliant and capricious of German writers. His sympathies are poetic and wide; he loves the Bohemian life that Heine lived; and he has a most thorough command of German as well as of English. Being a poet himself, he translates Heine's poems delightfully in masterful and varied metres. These few volumes compress Heine's young life up to the time when he was thirty—a vehement, passionate, personal, melody-loving life, full of sentiment, of love, of hate, of scorn, of irreligion, containing more than most men's lives contain of sorrow and joy. Like Keats, he wrote immortal things at four-and-twenty, and his pictured travels, in their imitation of Sterne and Richter, their spice of Lucian and Rabelais, their memories of Voltaire and Rousseau, their pliant and exquisite prose, their little *intermezzis* of lovely poems sparkling between the chapters of travel, set a fashion of sentimental journeying which will not soon die.

#### Bastien-Lepage and Marie Bashkirtseff \*

A MEMOIR by André Theuriet, indifferently translated; an appreciative critical essay by Mr. George Clausen; one that is decidedly not appreciative, so far as Bastien-Lepage is concerned, by Mr. Walter Sickert; a study of Mlle. Marie Bashkirtseff, as a painter, by Mathilde Blind; some excellent woodcuts after Lepage's paintings, by his friend Charles Baude, and some reproductions of Mlle. Bashkirtseff's, make up a volume that is very uneven in quality. To Theuriet, and to the first-named of the two English critics, Lepage is a great painter; but Theuriet judges him by his actual work, Mr. Clausen by what he might have done had he lived. Mr. Sickert misconceives the aims of the movement called 'realistic' and Lepage's place in it. Mme. Blind cannot, of course, withhold a tribute to the artist to whom Marie Bashkirtseff, whose work she sympathetically praises, looked for inspiration. But Theuriet, only, writes as one intimate with Lepage, with the nature that he copied, and with every phase of French art. His memoir and the woodcut reproductions of the paintings are the only things in the book that are of permanent value.

Like Lepage, a native of the Department of the Meuse, he describes, as no stranger could, the somewhat tame landscape of orchards, osier beds and arable uplands. In the midst of this unromantic country he pictures the little town of Damvillers, with its white- or yellow-washed, brown-tiled cottages, in one of which, at a corner of the small square, Jules Bastien-Lepage was born. He was a farmer's son, and if he was sent to college, and was early encouraged to improve his talent for drawing, it was with no intention of making an artist of him, but rather with that of getting him some place in the administration of the State Forests, or that of Roads and Bridges. Through an influential friend of the

family he did get a position in the Paris Post Office, which put him in the way of continuing his studies at the school of the Beaux Arts, in the intervals of his business. But he had no liking for the pagan gods and goddesses that he was set to draw, nor for the classical subjects that he had to paint in competing for the Prix de Rome, and he rebelled against the load of formulas pressed upon him by his teachers. His ill-success, and an injury received from the bursting of a shell at the outposts, during the siege, sent him back to his village, where, he suddenly perceived, were the subjects that should engage his brush. The actual life around him, his life, he found was paintable in a way in which it never had been painted. He had the same revelation that had come also to the English pre-Raphaelites. The nickname of the 'Primitif,' which his friends bestowed upon him, meant, in fact, much the same thing as the title self-chosen by that little group of enthusiasts. He was as far from being a realist in the extreme sense as were his unknown brethren across the Channel. For Lepage the ideal was not wholly bound up in what he saw through his eyes. He was the visionary who would not leave the 'voices' out of his 'Joan of Arc,' as well as the minute observer who painted every leaf and stalk of hemlock in Joan's garden. Of course, he had his limitations; there are effects that must be painted from memory, if at all, but, while individuals may have risen to greater heights with less effort, French art as a whole has taken a distinct step forward owing to his initiative.

M. Theuriet, as one would expect of the author of 'Sous Bois,' dwells on the country life of Lepage, on their excursions together in the woods of the Argonne, the mists in the foliage as they tramped on all day, the café-concert songs at the halting-place in the evening. He gives many pleasant extracts from Lepage's letters, written during the progress of the pictures 'Les Fois' and 'Les Blés Mûrs,' and later, in ill-health, from Algiers. Marie Bashkirtseff seems to have been like her idol in one respect: her vision, like his, was the typical modern vision, observant, at once, of broad relations and minute differences. At bottom, there was no similarity between them. Rather, we should say, judging from M. Theuriet's memoir and Marie's Journal, their characters were antagonistic.

#### "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy" \*

THIS BOOK consists of a series of lectures delivered to popular audiences, and intended to set forth some of the leading doctrines of modern philosophy in language less technical than is commonly employed in philosophical treatises. The lectures are thirteen in number, the first being introductory, the next eight historical and the remainder expository. The style in which they are written is more intelligible than that of most works of the school to which they belong, yet it is anything but a model of philosophical style. It is marred by verbosity, and in many passages one may read through several pages without getting an idea. As an account of modern philosophy it is not of the highest value; indeed, it is in some respects misleading, so many of the main features of modern thought are ignored in it. Nothing, for instance, is more characteristic of modern philosophy than the growth and development of the theory of induction; yet Mr. Royce has nothing to say of the history of that theory, and the name of Bacon, we believe, occurs nowhere in the book except in a bibliographical note. Another leading feature of modern philosophy is the discussion that has raged concerning the criterion of right and wrong; but on this subject also Mr. Royce gives his readers no information. Then the Scottish school is studiously ignored throughout, neither its doctrines nor its leaders being anywhere treated of; and the student who gets his information solely from this book would never suspect that the doctrines that Mr. Royce teaches are repudiated by a

\* Bastien-Lepage. Marie Bashkirtseff. By André Theuriet and others. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co.

\* The Spirit of Modern Philosophy. By Josiah Royce. \$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

whole school of prominent thinkers. Some other philosophers, too, such as Clark, Bentham and Comte, are passed by in silence; while others still, including Leibnitz and Butler, are mentioned only as persons who once existed. The historical part of the book, in fact, is merely an account of the rise and development of the Neo-Hegelian system, of which the author is an adherent, together with a pendant on the theory of evolution.

The leading doctrines of Neo-Hegelianism are the subjectivism, or 'idealism,' of Berkeley and a sort of mystical pantheism, very fascinating to a certain class of minds. What this latter doctrine is we shall let Mr. Royce state in his own words. He defines God, or 'the divine Self,' as 'the one organic personality in whom and for whom we all exist' (p. 461). And again:—'We are limited and may be even transient embodiments of God's life; but we ourselves, in so far as we make for unity and for righteousness, are in nature one with him.' 'His personality is just this, the communion, the intercourse, the organization of all finite persons' (p. 144). And he adds:—'Here, you see, is in one sense indeed a new notion of personality.' We should think so; yet he tells us that this doctrine is the very essence of Christianity' (p. 145). This peculiar pantheism is immediately derived from Hegel; but its beginnings are found in Spinoza, and accordingly Mr. Royce devotes special attention in the early part of his book to Spinoza as well as to Berkeley. Locke and Hume also come in for brief notice, but it is not until he reaches Kant that Mr. Royce finds himself in thoroughly congenial company. He adopts almost the whole of the Kantian doctrine, both theoretical and practical, and declares that 'in this universe of Kant's philosophy we all still live'—a proposition which is not so all-inclusive as Mr. Royce supposes. Kant, however, left some problems still unsolved, he thinks, for the solution of which we must look to Hegel. Such, according to Mr. Royce, is the outcome of modern philosophy, and such are the doctrines that we are called upon to accept as the highest reach of human wisdom. But, for our part, we lay the book down with the renewed conviction that modern philosophy, in so far as it is represented by Mr. Royce and those who agree with him, is a failure, and that a radical reform must take place in philosophic thought before a philosophy can be produced which the mass of intelligent men can accept.

#### Patrick Henry\*

THE SECOND of the three volumes of the 'Life, Correspondence and Speeches of Patrick Henry' shows the same standard of excellence as the first. Like the Pillars of Hercules, this edition will stand at the end of the sea of Patrick Henry literature. As far as merit goes we may write here *Ne plus ultra*.

Beginning with Mr. Henry's third term in the Governorship of Virginia, 1778-9, the biographer tells the story of events which transferred the seat of the war from New Jersey to the South, with the consequent invasion of Virginia. The great subject of the cession of the Northwest Territory is ably treated, as well as the situation after the war, when the question of what sort of government the States were to have was unsettled. In the legislative action at the close of the war, one important problem to be solved was the separation of Church and State in Virginia. In the discussion of this subject Henry took an important part, though dreading the spread of French infidelity. For a fourth and fifth time he was elected Governor. Then comes the story of the Constitution of the United States and Patrick Henry's attitude toward the then new and untried but now old and well-tested instrument. Five chapters cover this important period. While this is probably the part of the volume in which most readers will be specially interested, it is not too much to say that here the biographer's keen insight, legal

\* Patrick Henry: Life, Correspondence and Speeches. By William Wirt Henry. In 3 vols. Vols. II.-III. \$4 each. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ability, and remarkable power of weighing facts, whether obscure and minute or phenomenal and far-reaching, are seen at their best.

Patrick Henry objected to the Philadelphia instrument because he declared it to be a consolidated government. He was the leader of the opposition to immediate ratification, and urged amendments; and after his greatest speech, he carried the Convention on the main topic of the debate. There were conflicting theories as to what the new Constitution really was. As a consummate statesman, Patrick Henry understood the nature of the Government more thoroughly and foresaw its practical workings more clearly than any but the first among his contemporaries. That the new Government, holding the sword and the purse, and based on 'we, the people,' instead of 'we, the States,' was consolidated and not federal, he proved. So it came to pass that the party organized by Jefferson and afterward led by Calhoun insisted that the States had entered into a compact, that they were still sovereign, and had only delegated powers which could be recalled. The party organized by Hamilton and afterward led by Webster agreed with Mr. Henry that the people of the States had created a national government, and endowed it with certain supreme powers which were irrevocable by the several States except by amendment, as provided in the instrument itself, or by revolution. This construction of Mr. Henry's was the one adopted by the Supreme Court, and acted on by the Federal Government in its several departments. The Civil War settled beyond controversy that the asserted right of secession is null. Mr. Henry, with prophetic eye, saw also that the balance of power between the Northern and Southern States would be destroyed, and that the Southern would sooner or later become subject to the Northern majority.

The third and last volume contains Henry's correspondence and speeches. Many of the letters of Washington, Jefferson and others are printed with those of Henry, and between the speeches the editor inserts explanatory notes, so that the threads of interest are well maintained. A good index places the wealth of this trio of volumes at easy command. In American political and biographical literature it would be hard to point to anything superior to this work.

#### Five Recent Scientific Works\*

A THREAD of connection runs through these newly published works of science, and justifies their consideration under one head. All refer mainly to our earth, and have regard either to its origin, its form, its history, or its influence on the beings that inhabit it.

The Professor of Geology in Harvard University, when he undertakes to give an outline of the geological history of North America, familiar to him by personal research and long continued studies, may justly claim to speak with some magisterial authority, and to be heard with the deference due to an expert. When he passes beyond his special realm and enters the domain of another science, as, for example, that of anthropology, he comes under the well-known limitation which makes it impossible for any man, however able and learned, to be an authority in two distinct sciences. Prof. Shaler's book on 'Nature and Man in America' (1) sufficiently exemplifies the truth of these propositions. The earlier chapters, comprising the larger portion of the work, are devoted specially to North American geology. Very naturally and reasonably, these chapters, though less suited for popular reading than the later four, which refer particularly to 'Man in America,' are those of whose usefulness the author feels most assured. His work, he tells us, 'is particularly designed for the use of beginners in the study of geology.' This design has certainly been well fulfilled. American students could hardly desire a better introduction to that important science than is afforded by the first five chapters of this carefully prepared and clearly written work.

The later chapters, on the effect of the geological and biological environment on the human inhabitants of any country, and more especially of our own, contain much that is of great interest, but will have to be read with more caution. The author endeavors to show how greatly the character and history of the populations,

\* 1. Nature and Man in America. By N. S. Shaler. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2. The Living World. By H. W. Conn. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3. The Evolution of Life. By W. H. Mitchell. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4. The Cause of an Ice Age. By Sir Robert Stawell Ball. \$1. D. Appleton & Co. 5. Geodesy. By J. Howard Gore. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

both aboriginal and immigrant, of different portions of our country, have been modified by their surroundings. Much that he writes on this subject will certainly command assent. Other conclusions seem to have been more hastily assumed. Thus he holds that the failure of our Indian tribes to advance beyond the lowest grade of barbarism was due, not to lack of ability—for 'the Indian shows us in many ways that he is an able person,'—but to the open nature of the country which exposed it to 'ceaseless disturbances of nascent civilization' by the inroads of barbarous invaders. Yet in China, in Assyria, in Egypt and in Italy, such repeated inroads and disturbances have not prevented the rise, at different periods, of high orders of civilization. The cause of the backwardness of the 'able aboriginal races of this continent, as compared with those of the Eastern hemisphere, lies so plainly on the surface that it seems surprising how a scholar so acute and well informed as Prof. Shaler can have missed it. It is certainly to be found entirely in the great and unaccountable deficiencies of America in the biological kingdom—or, in other words, in the extraordinary lack of useful domestic animals and of the more important food-plants. If we imagine, for a moment, that the whole Eurasian continent has possessed no animal capable of domestication except the dog, and in Central Asia the llama, and no cereal but maize; and, on the other hand, if we suppose America to have possessed all those helps to progress and population which the other hemisphere lacked—horses, cattle, sheep, goats, swine, camels, elephants,—with wheat, rice, barley, rye, oats and the other escutents of temperate Europe and Asia,—who can reasonably doubt that the histories of the two hemispheres would have been reversed,—that great civilized empires and republics would have risen thousands of years ago on this continent, while the Eastern races would have stagnated in barbarism, until they received, through the enterprise of some American Columbus, the gains of Western science, together with these priceless natural aids, of which an unfortunate destiny had deprived them?

'The Living World' (2), by Prof. Conn of Wesleyan University, is a work valuable in many ways, but is chiefly perhaps notable as an evidence that the leaders of thought among the religious denominations have determined to put a summary end to the supposed conflict between science and religion in the case of the Darwinian system, in the same decisive way in which that conflict was finally settled in the case of the Copernican system,—that is, by accepting fully the conclusions of science and treating them as a furtherance to religious belief. The only difference is that the process, which in the earlier case occupied nearly three hundred years, is, in the later instance, completed in less than half a century. Prof. Conn not only accepts the theory of evolution as 'proved beyond dispute,' but is strongly inclined to believe that the only supposed break in the 'law of continuity'—the introduction of life into the world—will be closed by evidence that this event depended on natural causes. As is reasonable in the present state of the evidence, he pronounces no positive opinion on this point, but at the end of his chapter on the subject he presents two conclusions as certain:—1. Life arose in the ocean. 2. The first form of life was the simplest possible condition of living matter, certainly simpler than any living organism with which we are acquainted to-day, and very likely simpler than the simplest mass of diffused protoplasm. The remainder of Prof. Conn's work deals with the gradual evolution of all animal and vegetable organisms, as derived from this simplest and earliest form. The lucid style, clear descriptions, and logical reasoning make his chapters highly satisfactory reading to the student who desires to learn the latest results of scientific research in this direction.

Dr. Mitchell, in his 'Evolution of Life' (3), traverses a much wider field of inquiry than that to which Prof. Conn has restricted himself. He begins with the beginning of our present universe, and closes with its predicted end; though he suggests that this history is only one in an indefinite series of origins and demolitions of universes which has been going on, and will go on, from star-dust to star-dust, in an interminable procession. His first chapter, entitled 'Cosmogony,' reviews the 'nebular hypothesis' and 'the theories of Kant and Laplace,' while his concluding chapter, styled 'Terrestrial and Cosmogonic Prognosis,' concludes, according to its table-of-contents, with the following formidable predictions:—'Motions of Arcturus; His collision with our sun, its effects; Coalition of all the suns in space; Formation of a vast central mass; Its explosion and the formation of a new universe; Development of life on a new earth; Repetition of the process.' This tremendous program need not deter the most doubtful reader from an examination of the work, which is by no means all hypothesis. It contains a vast mass of information on geological and biological processes and developments, fairly well arranged, and illustrated with many excellent engravings. The author has traveled widely, and has observed and read much. His profes-

sional knowledge in anatomy stands him in good stead. In his views of development he is rather a Lamarckian than a Darwinian, laying much more stress on the effects of 'use and disuse' than the followers of Darwin are inclined to admit. He gives no references, but merely cites in his preface a list of authorities, beginning with 'Cuvier, Kant, and Lamarck,' and ending with 'Draper, Leidy, and Prudden.' This practice of stating important facts without giving the special authority in each case is hardly to be commended. If Dr. Mitchell had followed the more satisfactory system, we should have known whence he derived the statement on page 314 that the horse, after having been first developed in the northern portion of this hemisphere, and migrating thence to Asia and South America, became extinct in its original home, but continued to exist on the pampas of South America until the arrival of the European emigrants. There are other statements which equally need confirmation; but the book will nevertheless be found well worth reading, with proper caution.

As might have been expected, the Modern Science Series, under the editorial supervision of Sir John Lubbock, has been initiated by a work of very high value in its special line. 'The Cause of an Ice Age' (4), by Sir Robert Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, takes up the well-known theory of Adhemar and Croll, which ascribes the successive 'ice ages' of our earth to astronomical causes. The author, while briefly but adequately explaining this theory in its various details, adds an important amendment of his own, rectifying an error first made by no less distinguished an authority than Sir John Herschel, and which has seriously affected all subsequent discussions of this subject. Astronomers and geologists will both find a study of Sir Robert Ball's work highly interesting. It must be said, however, that many of the objections which have been urged by eminent geologists to the astronomical theory remain unanswered. Prof. Shaler, as his recent work shows, while disposed to think well of it as 'the most satisfactory single theory to account for certain glacial periods in the earth's history,' is still inclined to believe that the latest of these periods was due to changes in the directions of the great oceanic currents, caused by alterations in the earth's surface.

An equally valuable and interesting monograph forms the fourth volume of the Riverside Scientific Series. 'Geodesy' (5), by Prof. J. Howard Gore of Columbian University, relates with considerable detail and in an attractive fashion the history of the efforts which have been made to determine the true shape and exact size of the earth. This history brings under review some of the greatest names in astronomical and mathematical science, beginning with Archimedes, Eratosthenes, and Ptolemy, and coming down to Picard, Huygens, Newton, Maupertuis, Cassini, La Condamine, Mason and Dixon, Struve, and the directors of our own Coast Survey. The numerous observations made to determine the length of a degree in France, Sweden, Italy, Russia, Prussia, England, South and North America and other countries are described with scientific accuracy, and yet with a liveliness and an amount of personal incident which gives them something of the interest of romance. Prof. Gore has had special advantages in possessing the original reports of the modern operations which he describes, and his work will therefore have an authority superior to that of a mere compilation from published sources.

#### Recent Poetry and Verse

FEW EPICS in these days of lyrics possess those qualities which make them readable and give them a hold upon the hearts and minds of lovers of poetry. This is not strange when we consider that of our great living poets none attempts the great undertaking, while those of the numberless minor singers who assume the task perform it in anything but a satisfactory manner. The epic poem, if it is to take its proper place among the lasting works of poetical literature, demands the labor of a genius like that which created 'Paradise Lost.' Yet for some modern productions of this kind it is to be said that, while lacking much of the poetic strength, sublimity and splendor, and of the glorious imaginativeness of their great predecessor, they measurably succeed, and with reason, too, by virtue of their themes. This was true of Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia' and 'Light of the World,' and it is equally true of Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson's 'Epic of Saul.' Mr. Wilkinson's poem is finely conceived; and it is wrought out with admirable care, the entire composition being even and well balanced. As a poem it is lofty, dignified and full of noble purpose. The story of Saul and his conversion to Christianity is dramatically told, and told in blank-verse that once or twice rises to heights of song whereto only inspiration can attain. The author deserves praise for the sincerity and conscientiousness of endeavor which the character and magnitude of this poem have received from him, and his work will be appreciated and admired by all who read it. (\$2.50. Funk & Wagnalls.)

'ZULULU, the Maid of Anahuac,' is the title of an epic poem in fifteen cantos in which Hanna A. Foster has sought, as she says in her preface, to 'sing a tale of passion, tragedy and romance' founded upon the adventures of imaginary personages in prehistoric Mexico. There is, doubtless, vast scope for the imagination of the poet among the ruins left by extinct races in the romantic regions of Central and Southern America, and the whole field is comparatively untrodden. In the attempt to break new ground and treat a topic of national interest, the author of 'Zululu' at least deserves credit for praiseworthy ambition, conscientious effort and no little industry. It is evident that she has studied most of the available material relating to the supposed customs of these forgotten peoples, and she has constructed a story, by no means deficient in romance, interest or ingenuity, which is not likely to be attacked on the score of anachronism. Nor is she destitute of poetic spirit or feeling, although she has a great deal to learn in the way of expression. The greater part of her work is suggestive of prose cut up into rhymed lengths, and would probably make a more favorable impression if it were not presented in poetic form. Here and there, however, there are passages of undoubted grace or vigor, and the various incidents of the tale are related with a good deal of vigor and fancy. The book will furnish pleasant entertainment for an hour. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—TENNYSON'S 'Idylls of the King' (the complete series, as arranged in the poet's latest editions) and Tom Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' have been added to the neat and cheap series of Laurel-Crowned Verse, which we have before commended. No better editions for the price have ever appeared in this country. (\$1 each. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE FULL TALE of the new Riverside Edition of the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes, of which we have already noticed the prose part, has been completed by three volumes of poetry, making up the promised thirteen. The first is ornamented with a portrait on steel and contains a new ode, 'To My Readers,' apologizing for the 'many a trivial verse' retained, and hinting that what may seem rude to some will to others have a freshness as of opening leaves. 'The chestnut-burs await the frost,' he says; the poems written when his locks were brown are his blossoms of predilection, though he reckons fairer yet those buds of song that never came to bloom. He is surely right to keep *finis* as far as possible from the title-page when he can do so by interposing folio on folio of such poetry as 'Old Ironsides' and 'The Last Leaf,' such high teaching as the 'Metrical Essay on Poetry' contains, such varied beauties as the 'Songs in Many Keys.' There is more of humor and, we think, no shade less of imagination, in the second volume, which holds the 'Poems of the Class of '29,' Poems from the Autocrat, the Professor and the Poet at the Breakfast-table; and 'Songs of Many Seasons.' The third volume, the last of the new edition, contains 'Bunker Hill Battle,' 'The Iron Gate, and Other Poems,' 'Before the Curfew,' 'Poems from "Over the Tea-Cups,'" 'Readings Over the Tea-Cups' and 'Verses from the Oldest Portfolios.' It also has 'Notes,' an 'Index of First Lines' and an 'Index of Titles.' The introductory poem is, in our opinion, as perfect a thing as its author has done, and justifies the hope that we may yet see a fourth volume of his Poetical Works. (\$1.50 per vol. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

#### Recent Fiction

'TALES OF SOLDIERS and Civilians,' by Ambrose Bierce, is a book that comes from the Pacific coast with a distinct challenge as to its merits. A little notice on a front page states that, 'denied existence by the chief publishing-houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele'; also that, 'in attesting Mr. Steele's faith in his judgment and his friend, it will serve its author's main and best ambition.' Who that loves a contest can refuse to accept the challenge? *We* cannot; and therefore we reluctantly acknowledge ourselves on the side of power and tyranny—to wit, the publishers. Mr. Bierce has a charmingly lucid style, a delicate fancy, an instinct for the insignificantly salient and a pleasing faculty of making it significant—in other words, he has caught the modern knack of telling a story about nothing and telling it well. But this is not all: he sometimes commits the fault of telling about something, and not telling it well but theatrically. The stories also lack variety, in fact are tiresome alike. The nymphs attendant upon Makart's Diana are not more surely done after a single model than are these tales. Read one and the construction of all is known to you; the only variation is in their point—a point often delayed down to the last word of the last line. Mr. Bierce's tales present to us the incongruous mental picture of a story like a top standing on its end—and we are so occupied in seeing how small a thing can evenly sustain such an elaborate superstructure that we are apt to underestimate its other qualities.

There are many masters of this art of balancing a story on a single point, not the least of whom is Mr. Aldrich, who in his 'Olympe Zabriskie' has done in an altogether different style what Mr. Bierce has so nearly succeeded in doing. Three of his stories—'At Owl Creek Bridge,' 'The Affairs at Coulter's Notch' and 'Haifa, the Shepherd'—are delicate and poignant bits of writing that will remain long in the memory. It is in such tales as 'A Watcher by the Dead' and a 'Tough Tussle' that he becomes overstrained and theatrical. (San Francisco: E. L. G. Steele.)

'A CROWN OF THORNS,' by Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead, is a story of human nature with Pacific slope variations. A young San Francisco girl, attending the meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to investigate the condition of certain babies bought by the Chinese for immoral lives, finds there a child of hers which she has abandoned and which now, in the face of gaping friends and social disgrace, she acknowledges to be her own. This is the story, and the author's purpose is so evidently to create through literature a public sentiment that shall make such an act less difficult for a woman to perform that it disarms criticism of the ordinary sort. Questions arise, however, which owe their origin to certain oversights in Mrs. Loughead's construction of the tale. What inexplicable motive, not sufficiently touched upon in Miss Ainsworth's character, could first have prompted her to let her child pass into alien hands? Granted that the motive of the story is the woman's courage in acknowledging her offspring—and we must admit that, from the construction of the tale, it seemed to have another point in view,—has not the author left her heroine in the unenviable position of a woman whose one impulsive act of tenderness must obliterate four years of deliberate indifference to her child's fate? While we appreciate the point the story-teller means to sustain, we must be pardoned if we say that the pagan practice of crushing the feet, the witness-keeping of which was the immediate occasion of the mother's outburst of love, does not seem to us the embodiment of cruelty that it would appear to be if relieved against another background. (25 cts. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.)—FROM *The Open Court* Publishing Co. comes a new and simpler edition of the admirable translation of Gustave Freytag's famous novel, 'The Lost Manuscript,'—a translation originally printed last year in two quarto volumes. Sixteen German editions, to say nothing of numerous translations, attest the popularity of this book and the vitality of the character of the old Professor and his naive and charming wife. This edition is in one volume, printed in large type, at the moderate cost of \$1. (Chicago.)

'FOR THE DEFENSE' is a tale of crime and treachery the composition of which must have taxed the inventive powers of its author, B. L. Farjeon. It is the trial of a young woman for the supposed murder of her child. The incidents and facts of the story are brought out in the evidence, and the excitement is increased by the fact that the judge who is trying the case finds out that it is his son who is guilty of abducting the child from the woman he had ruined. The girl is defended by a devoted friend who afterward goes with her to Australia, where she is persuaded to marry him. Their marriage does not take place, however, until she is notified of the death of the man who has wronged her, and who has escaped from prison to die in an Australian brawl. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)—'PRISONS OF AIR,' from the pen of Moncure D. Conway, is a book which in no way adds to the author's distinction. On the contrary, it is a good illustration of the imperfect judgment men often show in considering one's own performances. Doubtless Mr. Conway cherished the belief that 'Prisons of Air' was a good novel. George Henry Lewes cherished the same delusion when he published 'RanBORPE.' But clever men may be deceived. Neither 'RanBORPE' nor 'Prisons of Air' is a good story. The latter, which has the curious conceit of the rightful establishment of an American family on an ancient English estate of which remote ancestors had defrauded them, is forced in situations, artificial in tone and peopled by characters sadly lacking in vitality. It is the privilege of a story-teller to choose his own plot, but he must unfold it attractively; and this Mr. Conway has failed to do. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)

A BOOK DEALING with human nature in new environments is always interesting, and novels of Australian life have not yet appeared in such numbers as to cause us to feel that the field of strange material and rare experiences there is exhausted. One of the writers on Australian life, whose stories are commended, we believe, more for their freshness and a certain buoyant vitality than for any charm of character or depth of passion they possess, is Mrs. Cross, known to readers of 'The Three Miss Kings' and 'My Guardian' as Ada Cambridge. 'Not all in Vain,' her latest

novel, in spite of its inconsequential treatment and an atmosphere of something strangely akin to coarseness, contains much that is original and enlivening. The events of the story, which covers a period of more than twenty years, are the imprisonment of the hero for shooting a man who annoyed the woman to whom he was engaged, her faithful devotion to him for the eighteen years of his imprisonment, and their mutual discovery, the moment he is released and their marriage is about to be solemnized, of the fact that they are not in love with each other, but that each of them is in love with some one else, whom they immediately proceed to marry. This is the main issue of the book; but when we say that the first four chapters are devoted to circumstances and events that have no bearing upon it whatever, while the mention of the murder trial, the death of the condemned man's father, disinheritng his son with his latest breath, the desertion of his brother and step-mother and the disaffection of his friends are crowded into two pages, the reader will appreciate what we mean when we complain of its careless construction. Mrs. Cross has attempted to write of scenes as they occur in real life, taking her cue from a freedom of speech and treatment much in vogue at present. But her description of a tipsy woman nauseated at sea makes us realize that what is the natural right of expression in the tried literature of an older country becomes an unpleasant assumption in that of a new, and to venture to remind Mrs. Cross of the evils inflicted upon the agriculture of Australia by the introduction of the English rabbit—a harmless enough animal in its natural habitat, but one which in that productive climate soon became a national curse. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

'THE BRETHREN of Mount Atlas' is a conglomerate burlesque by Mr. Hugh Stuttle, F.R.G.S. It is an 'African theosophical story,' and makes game of Rider Haggard's 'She,' Mme. Blavatsky, Laurence Oliphant and Mr. Sinnett. It contains some well written descriptions of scenery, natives and beasts of burden. Three Englishmen start out to find Mahatmas, whom they succeed in finding after astounding perils in hot, simony deserts and on cold, crevass mountains. There is a beautiful and mystic feminine Mahatma whom Urquhart feels is his other self; and as earthly love is too gross, they die together and sail upward, beautifully theosophic. All these things are chained together—one can use no airier word—by genuine British humor—that dreadful facetiousness that is so different from British genuine humor. But there are one or two good laughs in the book, one or two good hits at theosophy, one or two serious moments really thrilling, and one or two hundred pages too many. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)—MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S 'Story of the Glittering Plain,' brought out in this country by Roberts Bros. last year in facsimile of the artistic edition printed by the author himself, reappears now in conventional type in a volume costing \$1 less. The book was praised in these columns on Nov. 28. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)—'NIGHT-MARE ABBEY' has been brought out in the tasteful reprint of Peacock's novels. It is one of the best of the series, having more of a plot than most of the others, with no less humorous satire of the literary and philosophical hobbies of the day. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

LAMB'S paradox that Shakespeare's plays are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of any other dramatist whatever, Mr. Mowbray Morris maintains, in the March *Macmillan's*, is nothing but the sober truth. 'Hamlet' and the Modern Stage, he claims, are particularly ill-suited to one another. Mr. Tree's performances in London are perhaps as good as we moderns can expect to see; yet no one can gain from them an adequate idea of the play. In fact, as Matthew Arnold said, 'Hamlet' is a psychological 'problem,' which, when shorn of its psychology, as it is in the acting versions, becomes nothing but a 'puzzle.' Mr. Morris quotes Scherer and Montégut to show how Shakespeare has impressed these two foreign critics: both consider that he is better read than acted. Taken thus broadly, the question amounts to this: Is plastic art, at its freest and highest, capable of adding everything to the force of language at its best? Mr. Morris seems to think that it is not. 'The Universal Language,' according to Mr. C. R. Haines, is destined to be the English, which, however, seems lately to split into several dialects. One of the reasons which he gives for this former view is that the sign-boards in Japan now give the Japanese names of the towns in 'English characters.' The reason is novel, if the view is not. 'Finland,' by Prof. E. A. Freeman, is a study of the peculiar constitution of that peculiar country. There is a biographical sketch of Patrick Henry, by A. G. Bradley, and an essay on 'Hours of Labor' by the Rev. Harry Jones.—The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has been investigating the 'Western Song-men,' the old ballad-singers of Dartmoor, and

gives some of the results in *The English Illustrated* for March. Some of the old men know songs of the Elizabethan time and music yet older, and words and notes transmitted orally from father to son are remarkably correct. The number contains a short article on the late Mr. Spurgeon—with a portrait—by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. Spurgeon, he thinks, was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of middle class orators. Barring his sectarian theology, he was commonsense raised to the highest power, and that was the secret of his success. The Queen's Riviera residence; the royal news; athletic sports at Cambridge and Oxford are the principal remaining articles, all of which, as well as those we have mentioned, are illustrated.

The American fiction that Mr. Brander Matthews takes in hand in the March *Cosopolitan* is some of it old, some of it new. But the old books, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' are perennially young and fresh and have recently been brightened up with illustrations by Kemble, whose Negroes are, indeed, more life-like than Mrs. Stowe's, and whose Huck Finn is a delight to the eyes. Mr. Matthews finds much of the realistic quality for which these two famous books are noted in Mr. Hamlin Garland's 'Main-Travelling Roads,' but points out certain faults of manner and takes the new Western author to task for his pessimism. Dr. Eggleston's 'Faith Doctor' he finds wonderfully true to New York life. 'Fair Imogen upon the Stage,' by Mr. Charles E. L. Wingate, is a prose Ballad of Fair Women, each of whom has played the ancient British heroine, Mrs. Crouch in curls and white frock, Mrs. Barry in hoops, Mrs. Yates in Ostrich feathers, Miss Foote in a wreath of roses. These and many others are figured from ancient prints and miniatures, and the article is one of the pleasantest of its kind. The number includes an interesting account of the present condition of the problem of aerial navigation by the editor, opening with the startling announcement that the magazine has determined to attempt its solution. The world does move. If Mr. Stockton should now rewrite his 'Great War Syndicate' to bring it up to date, he would have to 'kill' his little knot of capitalists and substitute for them a live editor of a live magazine. The story would gain by it.

The unattractive, porcine face of the late Mr. Spurgeon—that great man just fallen in Israel—is the frontispiece of the March *Review of Reviews*; the inexpressive countenance of the late Duke of Clarence is another of the full-page pictures; a third is a likeness of his more intelligent-looking brother, who will succeed his father as King of England, if he and the monarchy survive the present ruler and her next successor; and the late Father Anderley, General of the Jesuits, is the fourth—and a face more Jesuitical in expression it would be difficult to find. Mr. Stead treats his readers to three 'character studies' this month, the subjects being Mr. Spurgeon, Cardinal Manning and Sir Morell Mackenzie. One of the more satisfactory of the many portraits in this number is that of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Dr. Lyman Abbott's chief associate on *The Christian Union*—one of the younger (though not of the youngest) generation of literary workers, and one who is coming well to the front as author, editor and lecturer. The *Review* is as full as usual, and still shows an immense improvement over its English original.—Comenius was born on March 28, 1592, and it was to be expected that the birthday of the author of the 'Orbis Pictus' should not be overlooked in these years of kindergartens, object lessons, etc. As a matter of fact it is being celebrated in Germany, Great Britain and America, and the *Educational Review* for March appropriately devotes its opening pages to four articles on Comenius and his work. The first is by the editor; the second, on his place in the history of education, by S. S. Laurie; the third, on the educator's text-books, by C. W. Bardeen, who has published one or more of them (including the 'Orbis') himself; and the fourth on his permanent influence, by Paul H. Hanus. It is always interesting to speculate on what might have been the result of Comenius's accepting the Presidency of Harvard, when 'our Mr. Winthrop' sounded him on the subject. His books came to America, if he himself did not, and his influence still abides. 'The Catholic Controversy about Education' is discussed by John A. Mooney and the place of 'The Museum in Educational Work' indicated by Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago. Besides these six papers there are editorial notes, 'discussions' and reviews.

In the March *Forum*, Mr. Walter Besant, on the part of the English author, and Mr. Charles Burr Todd, on that of the American, return to the consideration of 'Author's Complaints and Publisher's Profits.' The former they find to be founded in reason; the latter not. Mr. Besant goes minutely and openly into the case of an English religious publication society, with an Archbishop at its head. Both writers merely state definitely what everybody knows in a general way—namely, that the advantage of the situation lies with the publishers, and that most of them are not mag-

nanimous enough to refrain from profiting by it. It is safe to say, however, that the cases brought forward against certain publishers could very easily be paralleled in every other branch of business. Mr. Besant, in conclusion, points to the good work done by the Society of Authors in behalf of young and inexperienced writers; and Mr. Todd calls for the formation of a similar organization here. 'The Study of English' is divided by Prof. John Earle into philological and grammatical, and the claim is made that in ordinary school-books too much attention is paid to the former branch. Grammar is educational, since it is based on mental distinctions; the study of phonetics is not. But the only English grammarian is Lindley Murray, and most of us remember how much pain and how little good we gained from him. Mr. Clarence King, who writes a somewhat rhapsodic article on 'The Education of the Future,' would probably agree with the Professor as to his ideal grammar, though he would have languages learnt orally, and thinks a boy should be proficient in half a dozen tongues, ancient and modern, before he is eight years old. Present tendencies in education being too exclusively towards the scientific and the practical, he would have us take our classics while children and the sciences later (such being the natural and historical order), and get to work by twenty-one. Prof. F. G. Peabody takes the city of Dresden, the capital of Saxony, as an example of good city government.

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*Sundry Queries and Notes.*—A correspondent in Boston asks:—

Isn't 'no hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on' ('Othello,' iii. 3, 365) a queer expression? It would seem more natural if it were, for example, 'no nail nor peg.' Does 'to hang a doubt on' modify 'hinge' as well as 'loop'?

There can be no doubt that *hinge* and *loop* are in the same construction; and the former word is not unfrequently used figuratively for that on which anything 'turns or depends,' as 'The Century Dictionary' expresses it. Milton's use of *hinge* in two passages strikes one at first as more 'queer' than Shakespeare's, though it is to be explained in the same way. In 'Paradise Regained,' iv. 415, he refers to the winds as rushing abroad from 'the four hinges of the world,' that is, from the four cardinal points; and it will be remembered that *cardinal* is from the Latin *cardo*, a hinge. In the 'Hymn on the Nativity,' 122, we find 'the well-balanced world on hinges hung.' Wordsworth, in 'The Prelude,' v. 257, calls his mother

the heart

And hinge of all our learnings and our loves.

The same correspondent asks:—

What is the full force of the expression, 'As chimney-sweeps come to dust,' in the song in 'Cymbeline,' iv. 2. 263? Does 'dust' have more than one meaning here, one meaning being the dust of the chimneys to which the chimney-sweepers go ('come')?

There is evidently a double meaning in *dust*, the other being the dust to which we return, as in a dozen other passages of Shakespeare.

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,

is one of those Elizabethan 'conceits' which are very common in the early plays, but comparatively rare in the later ones. For myself, I do not believe that this particular one is Shakespeare's. As I have said in my edition of the play, I fully agree with Staunton, who remarks:—

There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in the song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last act.

About the *Vision* there can be no possible doubt, and very little about the song. The latter, indeed, is throughout below the average of Shakespeare's songs, and I should be inclined to reject it altogether if it were not for the manner in which it is introduced.

Here is another query:—

In Fleay's 'Introduction to Shakespearian Study,' he says (p. 23), in speaking of 'Much Ado':—'The "Deformed," mentioned in v. 1. 317 and iii. 3. 181 is, of course, an allusion to Shakespeare himself. "A vile this these seven year" (iii. 3. 133) indicates the time that he had been stealing, instead of inventing, his plots.' Please explain to me the point of these allusions as understood by Fleay. Do you think that there are such allusions?

Nothing could well be more absurd than Fleay's supposed 'allusions.' That Shakespeare should call himself 'deformed' would be pointless, unless we believe (as some do from Sonnets 36. 3 and

89. 3, where the language is pretty certainly figurative) that he was lame; and he would not be likely to call himself a 'vile thief' for doing what all his brother dramatists were in the habit of doing without scruple.

A friend in Cambridge writes:—

In your edition of 'Macbeth,' page 208 (note on 'Champion me to the utterance'), there is, I think, an error. For *à l'outrance* read *à entrace*. According to the dictionaries, the article is ungrammatical.

The note mentioned begins thus:—'Champion me to the utterance. Fight with me à outrance.' Then follows a quotation from Dr. Johnson, beginning:—'A challenge, or a combat à l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, etc. I retained the incorrect form in the quotation because it was a quotation. It is possible that in early editions of the book à l'outrance was given in my part of the note. I have found it difficult to make printers and proof-readers retain the correct form when it was in the "copy," and I may have overlooked the error in the proof myself. I see that in 'Cymbeline' (p. 188, note on *Keep at utterance*) I have à outrance.

Apropos of my comments on Lowell's article on 'Richard III.' a correspondent says:—

The address on 'Richard III.' is included in the volume of his 'Latest Literary Essays and Addresses' lately issued in Boston. In regard to the publication of the articles in the volume, Charles Eliot Norton says in the preface:—'Most of them had been revised by him with this end in view. The only one of them concerning which there is a doubt whether he could have published it in its present form is the paper on "Richard III." With this he was not satisfied, and he hesitated in regard to printing it.' Perhaps his 'special criticism of "Richard III." seemed provokingly meagre' to him as to you.

I read in a California paper of the marriage of Lieutenant Oyster and Miss Tubbs. Did the lady in her maiden meditations ever quote Benedick's 'I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster'?

*The 'Poet-Lore' Volume for 1891.*—The bound numbers of *Poet-Lore* for 1891 make a handsome volume of 664 pages. This is a liberal amount of matter for the two dollars and a half that the magazine costs for the year, and the quality is in keeping with the quantity. Besides the leading articles on Shakespeare and Browning, to whom the lion's share of space is given, there are elaborate papers on Walt Whitman, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Ruskin, Wyatt, Thomas Lodge, Chaucer, Modern Scandinavian Authors, the Hungarian Jokai, *Æschylus* (his ideals of womanhood compared with those of Chaucer, Goethe, and other modern poets), etc. The remarkable drama of 'Harold' by Ernst von Wildenbruch is translated in full; musical settings of Browning's 'Asl not one least word of praise' and Shakespeare's 'Come away, Death' are given; to say nothing of many other things equally excellent in their way. To mention them all would be to reprint a good part of the table of contents.

I learn that the publication of *Poet-Lore* is to be transferred from Philadelphia to Boston. The April number will be sent out from the latter city.

*'Shakespeariana' for January.*—The first number of the quarterly *Shakespeariana*, published under the auspices of the Shakespeare Society of New York, contains an interesting article on 'Ibsen's Dramatic Construction compared with Shakespeare's,' by Dr. Thomas A. Price. Other noticeable papers are those on 'The History of Shakespeare Criticism' by Mr. George Hallam, and on 'The Old and Later "King John,"' by Mr. Appleton Morgan. In a notice of the new edition of Mr. John Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations,' the editor demurs to the eighty-nine entries from Browning; and finding in the preface that I am credited with helping Mr. Bartlett in this part of his work, he says: 'We doubt if any president of a Browning society has done better than this for his "fad." After nearly two pages in this vein, he ends by saying that Mr. Bartlett should 'issue another edition of his work and somewhat pare down Dr. Rolfe's exuberant Browning Boom.' He gives me credit overmuch. Mr. Bartlett, thinking the two pages given to Browning in the former edition rather inadequate, asked me for some additional quotations, I sent him about half of those he now prints, taking only such as I had seen quoted, some of them many times. Mr. Bartlett did not think these sufficient, and got some more from a gentleman to whom he gives credit as he does to me, but whom the editor of *Shakespeariana* perversely ignores for the sake of the petty fling at me. Elsewhere he sneers at *The Critic* for its stories about Tennyson, one of which, he adds, 'comes from Dr. Rolfe,' and all of which he 'takes the liberty of doubting.'

## In Memoriam: Miss Anne Clough

DIED 28 FEBRUARY 1892

ESTEEM'D, admir'd, belov'd,—farewell!  
 Alas! what need hadst thou of peace?  
 Our bitterest winter tolls the bell,  
 And tolls, and tolls, and will not cease.  
 It tolls, and tolls, with plangorous tongue,  
 For empty lives and hearts unbliss'd,  
 And tolls for thee whose heart was young,  
 Whose life was full of hope and rest.

Thy meditative odd replies  
 Cast out like arrows on the air,  
 The humor in thy dark blue eyes,  
 The wisdom in thy silver hair.

These will grow faint, shade after shade,  
 As those who loved thee pine and pass;  
 But all thy being was not made  
 To shrink like breath upon a glass.

Thou with new graces didst maintain  
 The uncharm'd, outworn scholastic seat,  
 Throned, simply, with an ardent train  
 Of studious beauty round thy feet.

Those girls, grown mothers soon, will teach  
 Their sons to praise thy laurel'd name,  
 Thy hand that taught their hands to reach  
 The broader thought, the brighter flame.

So thou, though sunk amidst the gloom  
 That gathers round our reedy shore,  
 Shall with suffus'd light illumine  
 A thousand hearts unlit before.

EDMUND GOSSE.

## Boston Letter

THE PRIVATE library of the late John B. Gough, the famous temperance orator, is to be put up at auction in this city next week, and collectors will be astonished at the amount of Cruikshankiana offered them. It is doubtful if any man had a larger or more valuable set of Cruikshank's works than Mr. Gough, for not only was the latter gentleman an enthusiastic admirer of the caricaturist, but through his friendship with the artist he obtained many rare gems. He arranged all prints and etchings in a way to glorify Cruikshank, sacrificing almost any book, it is said, for the sake of obtaining a desired illustration.

Some of the original paintings and sketches have autograph endorsements—as the drawing of the first appearance of William Shakespeare on the stage of the Globe, marked 'Presented to John B. Gough by his sincere friend George Cruikshank.' The original of 'Grimaldi in the Barber's Shop' was given by the painter to Mr. Gough, a few moments after it came from under the brush, just as the American lecturer was leaving London to return home after his second visit to England.

Cruikshank's own copy of the 'Children's Lottery Prints,' with his own memorandum upon it to the effect that the work was 'drawn and etched by George Cruikshank when about twelve years of age,' is in the collection. The memorandum further states the figure was intended for himself, taking the copper-plate to the publishers—a curious early instance of Cruikshank's giving his own portrait to the world, a predilection which clung to him throughout his whole career, although he said this was generally done at the instigation of his publisher. Another interesting selection from the Cruikshankiana is the first proof on India-paper of 'The Worship of Bacchus,' the last important work of the caricaturist, the original of which, purchased by public subscription, hangs in the National Gallery. Some of Robert Cruikshank's work is in the collection, including the disputed 'Old Black Cock,' ascribed to each brother by different judges; and Percy Cruikshank's 'Sunday Scenes in London,' presented to Mr. Gough with the compliments of the artist, is also among the books. Mr. Gough was more or less interested in Hogarth's work, and had in his library many valuable plates by that noted penciler.

Speaking with Mr. W. M. Browne yesterday, I learned that fifty thousand copies of the new venture, *Two Tales*, went from the printer to the public in the first week. Inquiring about the coming issue, I found that two stories soon to be published are ex-

pected to create more than ordinary interest; one is a weird tale of lost love, by Maurice Thompson, called 'A Shadow of Love,' and the other a pathetic tale of Negro fidelity, by Miss Frances A. Doughty. Miss Doughty, who divides her time between Baltimore and Boston, is also to read a story of her own before the *Uncut Leaves* magazine subscribers at the next meeting. Her *Two Tales* story is called 'Jule's Light,' Jule being a departed slave, and the 'light' being the mysterious illumination in the graveyard where her spirit wanders. Mr. Browne, by the way, is to have a story in the April *Scribner's*, published under the title 'Of the Blood Royal.'

In art circles one of the interesting announcements of the week relates to the monument by Daniel D. French in memory of the late Martin Millmore. The work, when completed, will be placed in Forest Hills Cemetery. In Mount Auburn Cemetery is Mr. Millmore's Sphinx, and that famous design appears to have furnished the idea for the monument Mr. French has completed in model. A young sculptor is shown, with hand upraised, putting the finishing touches on a chiselled sphinx; by his side stands Death, solemn, yet not gloomy, with one hand holding a garland of flowers and the other about to touch the youth before him. The subject was chosen by Mr. French himself. The monument is now being cast in bronze in Paris.

Writing of Mr. French reminds me of a bit of news I heard the other day. It was said that the academy in Concord, where Henry Thoreau and his brother taught a private school, after having been used for years as the home of William Ellery Channing, has now been sold to Charles Emerson, a nephew of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and will be made the home of that gentleman. Mr. Channing, it is added, resides with Mr. Frank Sanborn.

Sereno Watson, Ph.D., who died in Cambridge last Wednesday, had charge of the Harvard Herbarium from the time of Dr. Gray's death. Dr. Watson wrote an 'Index to North American Plants' and 'The Botany of California,' and was also for a time one of the assistant editors of 'The Century Dictionary.' He was a Yale graduate, of the class of 1847. Prof. J. P. Cooke of Harvard is editing a memorial volume in honor of the late Prof. Lovering.

The next number of *The Arena* is to have an article by Frederick L. Hoffman, giving literally vital statistics about the Negro. In looking at the advance-sheets yesterday, I found a startling conclusion. The author maintains that the colored race shows every sign of an undermined constitution, a diseased manhood and womanhood, as he puts it, and is on the road to extinction. The present colored population of the United States is about 7,500,000, but the rate of mortality is far in excess of that of the white population. Another *Arena* article, dealing with Volapük, gives encouraging figures for the advocates of that 'universal' language. The number of believers in Volapük is estimated at more than 3,100,000, the number of periodicals devoted to its advancement at forty-seven. It is furthermore declared that more than a thousand commercial houses use Volapük as a business medium, and that it is made a compulsory study in many schools of Europe.

BOSTON, March 15, 1892. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## The Book of the Authors Club

AN ERRONEOUS account of a project recently entered upon by the Authors Club appeared in several of the New York daily papers a few days since. The enterprise has proceeded so far that its success is no longer problematical, but the Club was not quite ready to announce it. Now, however, *The Critic* is authorized to set forth the matter as it is.

The Club will publish a sumptuous volume, made up of stories, poems, essays and sketches, written specially for it by one hundred or more of the members. One hundred and six have definitely promised to contribute. The length of the contributions will vary from one page to a dozen pages. Those contributors who are artists as well as authors are asked to illustrate their articles. The volume will be as handsome typographically as the De Vinne Press can make it. The head of that establishment, by the way, is himself an author and a member of the Club, and will contribute to the book an article on 'Typographic Fads.' But one edition will be printed, and that one limited to 251 numbered copies, 250 of which are to be sold to subscribers. In every copy of the book, each article will be signed, in pen and ink, by its author. The subscription price is \$100, and the Club may reserve the right to raise the price after the first one hundred copies have been sold.

Type-written copies of the articles are prepared for the printer; and the original manuscripts, clean and whole, are to be bound up by themselves and sold to the highest bidder.

About fifty of the contributors have already placed their articles in the hands of the Committee. These include, among others, essays by Poulton Bigelow, James Howard Bridge, Andrew

Carnegie, George Cary Eggleston, Henry R. Elliott, George H. Ellwanger, Parke Godwin, Laurence Hutton, Rossiter Johnson, Albert Mathews, Brander Matthews, Oscar S. Straus and Charles Dudley Warner; poems by Henry Abbey, Elbridge S. Brooks, John Vance Cheney, Richard Watson Gilder, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Henry Harland ('Sidney Luska'), John Hay, James B. Kenyon, Walter Learned, William Starbuck Mayo, James Herbert Morse, David L. Proudfit, Clinton Scollard and William Hayes Ward; stories by William H. Carpenter, John D. Champlin, Jr., Maurice F. Egan, Harold Frederic, Charles Ledyard Norton, Horace Porter, Theodore Roosevelt and George E. Waring, Jr.; sketches by Samuel L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'), Moncure D. Conway, Thomas W. Knox, James M. Ludlow and Horace E. Scudder.

The intention is to carry the book through the press during the spring and summer, and have it ready for delivery next autumn. The Club has not yet formally opened a subscription-list, but a good many subscriptions have been sent in. Letters relating to it should be addressed to the Secretary of the Club, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, 1 Bond Street, New York. The money to be raised by this publication will be held as the nucleus of a building-fund; but as the Club has never been in debt, and its finances have always been managed remarkably well (belying the popular dictum that literary men do not understand business), it is not probable that a club-house will be erected very soon.

### "A Modern Match"

'A MODERN MATCH,' which has been played this week at the Union Square Theatre, by an excellent stock company organized by Mr. Augustus Pitou, is a four-act play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, and, while not a very brilliant or powerful specimen of dramatic art, is greatly superior to some of the earlier pieces written, in whole or in part, by the same author. It tells the tale of two wives, one of whom, heartless, selfish and flighty, repays her husband's love by deserting him at the moment of the ruin to which she had contributed, while the other does her utmost to lighten her husband's burdens and clings to him faithfully until death. The deserted husband in time retrieves his fortunes and is about to wed the widow, when his faithless wife returns to wreck his life anew. The abandoned woman is suppressed, however, and happiness is restored at the fall of the curtain. There is nothing very new in all this, but the story is told with tolerable clearness and dramatic effect and the acting of Mr. Wheatcroft as the injured husband and Miss Seligman as the erring wife ensured its comparative success. But it is not a piece of much moment.

### "Merry Gotham"

THERE IS NO probability that "Merry Gotham," which was produced at the Lyceum Theatre last Monday evening, will prove a very great or enduring success, but it is likely to serve the purpose for which it was produced and keep Mr. Frohman's audiences mildly amused for the remainder of the Lenten season. The piece is a very free adaptation, by Miss Elizabeth Marbury, from 'Paris Fin de Siècle' and is rather a mimicry of modern social life than a satire upon it. Anything more unsubstantial, so far as plot or incidents is concerned, has been seen but rarely, if ever, upon the New York stage. Light and trivial as it is, it cannot be described sufficiently as farce. It has a definite aim, and may even be said to enforce a certain moral, but the whole thing is so sketchy that it must be regarded as a series of panoramic pictures from fashionable life rather than a play. These are often excellent of their kind, not only on account of their almost photographic accuracy, but also for the genuine if not very brilliant humor which pervades them. The thread of story which connects the characters is too thin to dwell on, and is only introduced to provide the conventional contrasts between vice and virtue and wisdom and folly, and to secure the necessary union of lovers at the end. Mr. Kelcey is the virtuous countryman who puts to shame the idle follies of the Gothamites and plays it excellently. All the other male characters are mere butterflies or worse. Among them are a fashionable young cynic, engaged to one girl whom he has never seen, and wooing another, very well acted by Mr. Fritz Williams; a 'Mugwump' of a variety discovered by Miss Marbury; a social black-leg picturesquely presented by Eugene Ormonde; a newspaper editor and banker—a preposterous combination—made humorous by Mr. Walcot; and an elderly trifler, delightfully interpreted by Mr. Le Moine. Georgia Cayvan, as a young widow, almost compromised by the villain who tries to entrap her by the aid of her milliner, does all that can be done with a small part, while Mrs. Walcot, as a woman without a head or heart, Effie Shannon as a Western beauty, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Bessie Tyree are most successful among the women. The dialogue is generally bright, and

the whole entertainment has a certain freshness and originality, but it sorely needs backbone.

### The Lounger

MR. JOHN PAYNE, the translator of Villon and 'The Arabian Nights,' has probably written more nonsense than any other English poet of the day. I am told that he writes 20,000 lines of doggerel or nonsense verse every year—just to keep his hand in. When he wants to write a serious poem, the melodious numbers flow without impediment. The rhymes needed to tip his lines with are all at the tip of his pen; a dip in the ink, and they drip from it in a steady stream. I should not, however, recommend Mr. Payne's plan for general adoption. Most of us would find the composition of serious verse an impossible task, after writing 20,000 lines of nonsense. As a preparation for nonsensical writing, though, I can imagine nothing so good.

THERE IS an American educator who runs the English poet a hard race as a writer of pure nonsense; but there is this difference between them: Mr. Payne writes verse and doesn't print it, while Lieut. Totten writes prose and publishes it to the world. Having fixed the date of the millennium, he has not only sent his predictions to the press, but nailed them to a telegraph-pole, in the hope, apparently, that thereby they may be carried by electricity to the uttermost ends of the earth. While it is lamentable to see a man of ability brought to such a pass, it is simply incomprehensible that an old and conservative university like Yale should retain a crank in its service, and lend the authority of its name to ravings calculated to unsettle the minds of students and others who would attach little weight to them if they came from any lips but those of a college professor in good standing. Cornell University, too, would seem to be as indifferent as Yale to the dignity of its name, when it fails to drop from its faculty a man whose chief claim to public attention is the aid and consolation he affords to political offenders.

AS ONE ALWAYS has preconceived ideas of an author whose work has impressed him, I must confess to something of a shock when I opened the February number of *The Writer* and found myself confronted with a portrait of Miss Mary E. Hawker ('Lanoe Falconer'), the author of that short but powerful novelette 'Mlle. Ixe.' I had pictured to myself a middle-aged solid-looking woman-of-the-world—a sort of Mlle. Ixe herself; instead of which I saw a most fragile-looking young person with a quantity of crimped hair and eye-glasses. The crimps and the eye-glasses were all right; but the fragility of the young woman, together with a certain tremulousness about her autograph signature indicated that her strength lay in her mind rather than her body. A biographical sketch furnished by T. G. L. Hawker speaks of the 'constant ill-health' of Miss Hawker, in spite of which she has devoted her life to writing and study. Until the publication of 'Mlle. Ixe,' she was almost unknown. Up to that time, with the exception of an occasional magazine article, she could get none of her manuscripts accepted. Her latest story, 'Cecilia de Noël,' is much more the sort of thing one would expect from the fragile creature with whom her biographer and photographer have made us acquainted.

FROM MLL. IXE, the Russian Governess in England, to Mlle. Bashkirtseff, the Russian artist in France, the transition is not very abrupt; and it is the less violent to me from the fact that a letter lies before me addressed by Marie's mother to Mrs. Serrano, the American translator of the young artist's extraordinary 'Journal.' Writing from her home in Nice, on Washington's Birthday, Mme. Bashkirtseff says:—'I lately had the pleasure of a call from Gladstone—the great Gladstone. He stayed at least an hour and a half, and said many nice things of our dear Marie Bashkirtseff, and I was so much affected by it that it made me ill. I had an attack of erysipelas in the face, but all danger is now passed. Is there no hope of being able to sell my *Bastien-Lepage*—"The Annunciation to the Shepherds"? I have recently seen two works on his genius; but they do not help to sell the picture.'

THERE SEEMS to be no end to the number of people who have won more or less fame by their connection with Napoleon Bonaparte, even when their only relation with the great commander was that they had served his brother—that very unimportant personage, Joseph Bonaparte. A short time ago a woman died somewhere in this State who was paragraphed in the press as having been a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte; more recently a man who died at Bordentown, New Jersey, received obituary notice in the leading New York journals because as a boy he had beaten the bushes at Point Breeze, to scare up rabbits for the ex-King to

shoot at; and now a man dies at Avon, Ill., whom the papers declare to have been Joseph's *valet de chambre*. Leopold Stocker, who was an Austrian, enjoyed the special distinction of having had the great Napoleon's elder brother die in his arms. At least Major E. M. Woodward, author of the 'History of Bordentown and its Environs,' says so, and he has taken more pains than any other writer to be accurate on these points. Stocker never married, so that future generations will be spared the reading of obituaries of the man in whose father's, grandfather's, or great-grandfather's arms one of the least important men in history breathed his last.

FROM A MARKED COPY of the London *Truth* which has been sent to me, I clip this interesting note:—

As I have frequently had to pass severe criticisms on Post Office administration, it is only fair to give the Department credit for what it does well. I have had some specimens sent to me of the contents of the mail-bags rescued from the Eider. Among them is a copy of the New York *Critic*, the address of which had become hopelessly illegible. The wrapper was stamped, however, 'Marked Copy,' and by referring to the mark inside, the Post Office discovered for whom the paper was intended, and duly delivered it at its destination. But cases like this only prove what every one knows, the excellence of the ordinary routine work of the Post Office, which is in the hands of the lower ranks of employés. To find sleepiness, red-tapiness, and obstruction, you must look, not to the man on a pound or two a week, but to the man on a thousand or two a year.

A copy of the same number of *The Critic* has been returned to this office by the London firm to which it was addressed, to show how it had suffered by its soaking in salt water. The wrapper looks for all the world like a Japanese paper handkerchief.

ON APRIL 5, 1890, *The Critic* printed a really fine sonnet, 'A Cristobel Colon,' the work of the Venezuelan poet Rafael Maria Baralt, whose citation was thought to be not inappropriate in these Pan-American and quadro-centennial days. Recently, I have received from Mary E. Manux of San Diego, Cal., an English version of the sonnet, clipped from the *Ave Maria*, for whose columns she had translated the thing from our issue of a year ago. It runs thus:—

'Now who dares scorn the fury of my waves?  
Who comes from distant world and alien shore  
To engulf the wrecks of doomed ships once more  
'Twixt heaven and hell, in solitary graves?  
What flaunting banner my dark tumult braves,  
Only to trail, soiled, tattered as before?  
Spain's proudest vessels rotting in my caves,—  
Not triumph theirs, but terror evermore.'

Thus spake the ocean; a resounding voice  
Made answer, 'Colon!' And at God's command  
Its humbled crest kisses the prow; rejoice!  
Helm creaking, sails outspread, serene and grand  
By the Lord guided, Colon leads the fleet  
And casts a world at Isabella's feet!

THERE IS NOTHING about which the public knows so little as the prices that publishers pay authors for their works, yet there is nothing more freely discussed than these prices, which are stated with an air of knowledge that usually carries conviction. It has been said that Mrs. Humphry Ward was paid \$100,000 for 'David Grieve'—and said apparently with authority. Yet with still greater authority her husband has denied it. The statement has also been made that she received \$90,000. This is one way of getting at the truth. Go down the scale, as an auctioneer does, and when you get to a figure that is not officially denied, stick to it as the true one. Only last week I was told that Macmillan & Co. had paid \$30,000 for the American rights, and this I am inclined to believe, for I know that one publishing-house in this city was willing to give \$20,000 but was refused. I know furthermore that Macmillan & Co. refused to accept \$10,000 for the serial rights, Mr. George P. Brett, manager of the American branch, believing that the book would sell better if not published serially first.

MR. BRETT IS A YOUNG man but a shrewd one, and he has found that it pays him to sell books that have cost him a pot of money at a low price. 'David Grieve,' for instance, was first published in Macmillan's Dollar Series (that is not the name of it, but that is what it is called); and now he has just signed for the American rights in the Kipling-Balestier story, 'The Naulahka,' still running in *The Century*. Mr. Kipling, by the way, does not arrange with the publishers for his books: all that sort of practical work is done by an agent, who works for a percentage and has

only a few popular authors on his list. I wonder if Mrs. Ward is one of them. If she is, he is to be congratulated.

As the 'creative faculty' discussion is closed this week, I hasten to say that I saw something new from the inventive brain of a woman at Tiffany's only yesterday. It is a new process for gilding china. 'Gold plate, I believe it is called, and as far as the eye can tell, it might be solid gold. Mr. George Kunz, who knows as much about gold work as he does about gems, says that this particular way of applying gold to porcelain is an entirely new art. The inventor, Miss Emily Healey, like Miss Seawell, lives in Washington, where she can lay proofs before the essayist of the existence of the creative faculty in one woman at least.

### The Creative Faculty in Women

WITH THE PRESENT budget of communications and newspaper comments, the discussion in *The Critic* of the question whether women possess or lack the 'creative faculty' is closed. Nothing has been fully proved, we think, beyond the fact that 'much may be said on both sides.' Miss Seawell's brilliant essay 'On the Lack of the Creative Faculty in Woman,' printed in our issue of Nov. 28, has been more talked about, so far as we have been able to judge, than any single article ever published in these columns, and people have not exhausted the subject—whatever effect they may have had upon their hearers—even yet. We present here-with some further echoes of the fray.

M. F. C. of Nantucket (the lady who, as Mr. Lang puts it, has 'withdrawn her subscription, by way of proving Miss Seawell wrong') writes of the latter:—'Let her stop writing, and go among the poor and wretched and try to raise them, instead of doing her little all to reduce the standard of morality in men and women.' M. F. C. is certainly original. No one else would have thought that stopping one's paper proved anything—except that you didn't want to receive it any longer; and to no one else could it have occurred that to deny the existence of the 'creative faculty' in women tended to reduce the popular standard of morality. By way of combating Miss Seawell's arguments, even more effectively than she had already done, this truly original lady sends us a sonnet, of her own composition (we know it is a sonnet, because she says it is), in which 'a steady tone' is heard upon the seashore, in May, that 'softly speaks of womanhood divine,' whereupon

The waves with joy in harmony expand  
And break with loud acclaim upon the sand.

This ought to put an end to the controversy forever.

A lady who championed Miss Seawell in a paper read before the Literary Club of Baltimore, concluded her remarks by saying:—'Genius is a gift from God, and no part of His plan for women. He expects it from His image, man; from woman He expects something better; and Love is the best service, as it is imperishable, and women have excelled in love and constancy. So I believe they have disappointed their Creator far less often than men.'

Mrs. Sarah Josephine Hale, editor of *The Lady's Book* for forty years, who died in 1879, in her ninetieth year, must have held a very different opinion of her sex from Miss Seawell's, or she never would have had the patient enthusiasm to compile her 'Biography of Distinguished Women; or, Woman's Record from the Creation to A.D. 1869,' in 918 double-column pages.

T. L. of Madison Avenue, New York, writes:—'Miss Ingelow's outspoken frankness on the subject of women's rights, mentioned in *The Critic* of Feb. 27, suggests to me that it is a much more moral thing to have one's rights than to enjoy one's privileges.' Prof. A. C. Barrows of the Iowa Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, considers it unfair to ask women to show that they 'created' anything so long as a thousand years ago. A woman—N. T. G.—writing from Dallas, Texas, in support of Miss Seawell's contention, says:—

It is not surprising that a few disappointed women refuse to open their eyes—but the sons of men! Why, they should hug themselves every day of their lives over their escape from imbecility. Nature, by countless repetitions, has proved that men of genius provide but a poor intellectual heritage for their sons. What would those sons be, if their mothers also were geniuses!

Miss Kate Field, in her *Washington*, exclaims:—

My old friend, Harriet Hosmer, claims to have discovered perpetual motion, and will next be squaring the circle. I'm glad of it, for we women are accused of never inventing or discovering anything, just as though we didn't discover more in men than ever existed, and invent more lies to soothe their *amour propre* than even the father of them—I mean the Father of Lies, of course. When women are all dead, men will begin to appreciate their heads and hearts!

And another writer in the same number of Miss Field's wide-awake weekly, Caroline Gray Lingle, begins and ends her article with these words:—

That is a very pretty quarrel about the creative faculty, and its presence or absence in the gentler sex. It has set all the partisans on both sides to raking and scraping evidence about what woman has done, and to comparing her achievements with what man has accomplished in the same line—as if this method would bring us to any conclusions! \* \* \* We must continue to read interminable discussions about whether woman possesses the creative faculty, and a thousand and one other details of her mental and moral constitution. We shall be told, among other things, that 'woman has ceased to be a fetish,' and we will reflect—if, perchance, power to reflect be left us—whether it is not as well to be a fetish as it is to be a fad.

A Staten Island correspondent, H. W., sends us a clipping from the *Boston Journal*, in which attention is called to the fact that the author of the universally familiar lines,

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land,

were written, not only by a woman, but by one whose name is almost unknown—Mrs. Julia A. Carney of Galesburg, Ill., who wrote them while teaching a primary school in Boston, near fifty years ago. In 'Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,' however, the verses are credited—and we should think correctly—to Frances S. Osgood (1812-1850).

The Austin (Texas) *Statesman* says:—'There is no disputing the fact that Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell has a right to be ignorant of what her sex has done and is doing, if she chooses; but it is always poor taste to boast of one's ignorance.' The *Christian Worker* thinks the possession of the creative faculty by women was demonstrated in the creation of Mrs. Stowe's *Topsy*. The *Indianapolis Journal* declares the discussion to be 'not a very profitable one.' Yet it deigns to take part in it:—

Rabbi Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, is taking no part in the dispute, and probably never heard of it, but he has delivered a sermon on 'Woman' which has some bearing on the case. The Rabbi does not assert that woman is man's equal now, but takes as his text these words from Walt Whitman, 'It is as great to be a woman as a man'—a text that certainly implies equality. He continues:—'I am much inclined to go even further than the good old poet Whitman. I believe it is greater to be a woman than a man. Man has a thousand aids at his back to help him up. Woman has ten thousand clogs to impede her ascent. Woman's achievements are nevertheless the greatest of our age. Louder than we praise its great men, will the future extol the great women of our time.' \* \* \*

The *Herald* of Chicago thinks that the question cannot be settled till the Columbian exhibition is thrown open on the shores of Lake Michigan. It exclaims:—

The air is thick still with flying arrows, Miss Seawell in the centre of the field, amazon-like, nymphs flying in all directions, but not thus far materially wounding the daring young Virginian. In the latest issue of the periodical [Feb. 6] she restates her original position and retorts upon her foes in a way that indicates staying power as well as conviction. \* \* \* In a pungent French volume that appeared in Brussels and Leipzig many years ago, made up entirely of what women have said about women, the quips are keener than hers. One of them is to the effect that at thirty, the

first thing a woman forgets is her age; at forty, she forgets everything. Miss Molly has not reached either of these epochs presumably—indeed she can scarcely be said to have reached the age of discretion. But she has forgotten too much. She has forgotten especially that the demonstration of the achievements of woman in all arts and industries in the Chicago World's Fair, 1893, will settle forever the entire question, not of what they did before their chance in the world began, but what they have been doing since.

The following letter from Miss Seawell was called forth mainly by an article of Mr. Maurice Thompson's in *The Independent*:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Nothing has been more misunderstood in my little essay than the allusion to Sappho. It seems generally misconstrued to mean that Miss Cone and Miss Thomas, as poets, are equal to the Sappho of renown. Those who imagine they see this meaning could not have read me very carefully. The allusion, which is as plain as language can make it, may be elaborated thus:—Sappho was reckoned the greatest lyric poet of the Greeks, during her lifetime and for many ages afterward. Yet, observe, of her nine books of poems only about forty lines have survived, and these 'by no means bear out the immense reputation of their author, and could easily be surpassed, and very often have been surpassed, by Miss Edith Thomas or Miss Helen Gray Cone.' Does not this express, unmistakably, that, although Miss Cone and Miss Thomas are graceful and charming poets, their poems are not upon the exalted level of the great lyric works which Sappho was credited with creating, and of whose immortality it would have been blasphemy to doubt in the palmy days of Greek literature? But that what remains of Sappho is simply pretty verse, and explains why the rest has gone to the limbo of forgotten things.

Of course, the question that next arises is whether the celebrated 'Ode to Aphrodite' is really a great poem or not. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Symonds, and Greeks generally, say it is. A vast majority of people (like your humble servant, who knows no Greek at all and is far from perfect in the use of our noble English tongue) being acquainted only with the translations of the *Ode*, find it pretty, but no more. 'Then,' say the Greeks, and those who want to be thought Greeks, and those who dare not think for themselves at all, 'you are not entitled to an opinion. You do not know the original tongue—the translation is nothing.' So say the Spaniards of Cervantes; so say the Italians of Dante. Yet no educated person could read 'Don Quixote' or the 'Divine Comedy' without instantly recognizing them as great books, whose greatness cannot be obscured even by the strange and awkward garb of another language. I have not found, though, this unanimity in the books that I have read and the educated persons I have heard speak of the 'Ode to Aphrodite,' which, by the way, is not by any means Sappho's of a certainty. I only advanced, in my guileless essay, my own slight, individual opinion—that this alleged poem was not above the average level of good magazine verse. And it seems to me, the case of Sappho is a conclusive proof that no woman's work has ever had the germ of immortality. Sappho perished; for even admitting that the forty lines which remain are hers, the fact that only this fragment lasted shows that the bulk of what she wrote lacked that creative power which can alone give immortality to the work of any man or any woman.

I hope, however, that those who believe women can do immortal work, will soon point out to us some masterpiece in art, literature or invention by a woman, which has lasted, let us say, for two hundred years or even one hundred years. Else it would seem that there is no such masterpiece, and that these people have been simply making game of us with their artless prattle.

But who would have thought that such a harmless little essay would have made so much talk!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I read Miss Seawell's paper when it first appeared in *The Critic*. I have been interested in the comments upon it. I have not changed the opinion I formed when I closed the article—namely, that this gifted woman has put herself in a dilemma. Either she wrote the article which bears her name or she did not. If she did write the article, she did it with such ability as to render the position she assumed quite untenable. If she still perseveres in maintaining that position, then her original article was written by some man, and I am waiting, with a Christian patience which is beautiful, to hear our friend announce the surrender of her position or tell us what man it is that wrote her article.

CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS,  
NEW YORK.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Perhaps the readers of Miss Seawell's article on the 'Creative Faculty in Women' will be interested in the following from the essay 'On Women' by the German philosopher, Schopenhauer. He says:—'The most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine and original; or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere.' He also quotes Rousseau:—'Women have, in general, no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genuine.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON, N.Y. C. W. Y.

B. Y. sends all the way from Vienna this same quotation from Schopenhauer on the Will.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Speaking of the 'creative faculty' in men, and their disposition to claim everything—or rather the disposition to claim everything for them,—reminds me of what the Rev. Anna Shaw said recently:—'Why, there is "Old Abe," the bald eagle. The men named him Abe: they say "he" screams and "he" stretches his wings, "he" does this and "he" does that. He was carried through the war and then taken to the Centennial. He was pointed out to the youth of the land as the emblem of liberty. The truth is, after Old Abe was taken to Madison, Wis., he got tired of doing nothing, and went to *laying eggs!*' Our incarnate bird-of-freedom a female! Unfortunate discovery! It suggests the thought that it will not do to push this controversy too far. Man's inventive genius has constructed an egg that is useful for all purposes, only it will not hatch. Here is the difference: the eggs of Old Abe *will* hatch.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

EDWARD H. RANNEY.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the inner chamber of her thought, she strips the inartistic coverings from the statue of Truth, and, having found it pleasant to look upon puts it on the house-top careless of the fact that many will hoot and jeer, many look on unrecognizing, many turn their faces away, and a few, only a few, detect the heroism of the act. \* \* \* She collects the facts from the present and the past, and the result is not inspiring. But she says:—'I will tell my sisters the truth. It cannot hurt them; it may aid them; it will at least show them that the eternal verities cannot be altered. I will tell them anew that they are intellectually and physically men's inferiors, and that their only strength is in their weakness. I will tear this veil of false pride aside. I will try to stop their asking men's aid in secret, and in public arraying themselves against him, relying on his honor not to tread on the weak. Let woman take her proper place in the world; let her accept the privileges of an advancing civilization; let her receive all the freedom she can. But let her do it honorably; let her not say "I am strong," and then resort to stratagem, which is the confession of the weak.' So with the finished sentence of the *literati* she sends from her study this dictum to her sister woman. But the critics—ah! the critics are busy with the flaws. If you want the substance you can find it.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FRANC.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The very women who are best able to answer Miss Seawell's argument are the ones who are too modest to discuss a question which has any bearing upon their own chance for a seat among the immortals. Does Miss Seawell wish a memorable quotation from a woman's writings? I would rather have written the stanza beginning: 'In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,' than her example of masculine genius, 'Blessed be the man who invented sleep,' from the lips of Sancho Panza. Has she ever heard of Sarah Flower Adams, author of 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'? Does she think that it has the germ of immortality? Does she remember Mrs. Craik's 'Philip, my King,' lovelier than any poem to childhood written by a man? Is it a 'creation'? As Mr. Kipling's devil says, 'It's lovely, but is it art?' If Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' is not a 'masterpiece,' what is it? Must 'masterpieces' always be made by *masters*, never by women? Did not Charlotte Cushman 'create' or 'recreate' 'Meg Merriles'? Really and soberly, are present-day writers like Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Howe, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Dorr, and a hundred others, foredoomed to oblivion?

SPRINGDALE, CONN., March 14, 1892. C. H. CRANDALL.

In a discourse delivered in London on the last anniversary (Sept. 5) of the death of Auguste Comte, Mr. Frederic

Harrison spoke especially of women. From a report of his remarks we make this quotation:—

Their true function was to educate not merely children, but men; to train to a higher civilization not merely the rising generation, but the actual society, and to do this by diffusing the spirit of affection, of fidelity, and purity—not by writing books or preaching sermons, but by manifesting them in each home by the magic of the voice, etc. The repetition of this commonplace might sound like a jest, but it was necessary to repeat what gross sophistry had forgotten and was beginning to deny. The higher duties of life could only be performed by women, and by them so long as it was recognized to be their true and essential function.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* prints a note from which we make this extract:—

The very latest theory in Homeric criticism was that propounded by Mr. Samuel Butler, in his lecture at the Workingmen's College on Saturday, on 'The Humor of Homer.' So far as the Iliad is concerned, Mr. Butler is orthodox enough. We do not add commonplace, for he reduces the gods and goddesses of Olympus in daringly unconventional fashion to the level, one may almost say, of Messrs. Campbell and Nicholls in a Drury Lane pantomime. But as for the Odyssey, Mr. Butler holds not merely (as half the world does) that it was written by another author than that of the Iliad, but also that it was by an author of a different sex. The Odyssey, we are told, was written by a woman—for this ungallant reason, among others, that it was written by somebody who didn't know what she was talking about!

*The St. James's Gazette*, noticing an article in *Blackwood's* on 'The Old Salom,' observes:—

It would almost look as if this writer were a lady who was jealous of the unique supremacy among her sex of 'that unknown Sappho of whom,' he or she remarks, 'anything may be believed because of the very fact that there is so little remaining to build her fame upon.' Little remains of Sappho, it is true; but that little is enough. Sappho's fame does not depend upon the word of those critics who are always praising the past at the expense of the present and taking the *ignotum* for the *magnum*. It is the unanimous judgment of the poets themselves.

As tending to confirm the plea that women have created nothing in music—an art in which they have had things pretty much their own way from the beginning,—we quote from Rubinstein's 'Music and its Masters':—

The increase of the feminine contingent in music, including instrumental execution and composition (I except singing, in which they have always excelled), begins with the second half of our century. I regard it as one of the signs of musical decadence. Women lack two prime qualities necessary for creation: subjectivity and initiative. In practice they cannot get beyond objectivity; they lack courage and conviction to rise to subjectivity. For musical creation they lack absorption, concentration, power of thought, largeness of emotional horizon, freedom in outlining. It is a mystery why it should be music, the noblest, most beautiful, refined, spiritual and emotional product of the mind, that is so inaccessible to woman, who is composed of all those qualities; all the more as she has done great things in other arts and even in the sciences. The two feelings most peculiar to women—love of a man and tender feeling for a child—have found no echo from them in music. I know no love-duet composed by a woman, nor cradle-song. I do not say that there are none, but only that none composed by a woman has the art value that could make it typical.

## THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

Two announcements of great interest, and bearing more or less directly on the question of woman's creative power, have been made this week. One relates to the most conservative of American colleges, the other to the oldest university in Scotland. As reported in the daily press, they are as follows:—

In and after the next academical year at Yale, the graduate courses with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy will be open without distinction of sex. It is not the design to establish an annex or other rival of the colleges already existing for women, but to receive the graduates of these colleges and give them as good opportunities for the most advanced research and education as can be found in Europe. In this movement, Yale is the first of the older Eastern universities to take part. The Fayerweather bequest is understood to have hastened the taking of this step. The vote in the Faculty was almost unanimous. Other measures

are in progress for greatly increasing the number of scholarships and fellowships open to all graduates, for strengthening Yale's hold upon the smaller Western colleges, and for increasing its means for the higher professional education of teachers.

The Senate of the University of St. Andrew's, the oldest in Scotland, has decided to open to women the University's departments of theology, arts and sciences.

### International Copyright

#### A FRENCH VIEW OF THE NEW LAW

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The following statement, made to me yesterday by M. Paul Ollendorff, the well-known Paris publisher, may interest some of your readers:—

'I have carefully examined the question of American Copyright, and I consider the new law an illusory piece of legislation, so far as the protection of the rights of foreign authors is concerned. The obligation to publish works in France and America simultaneously destroys all the good effects which might have been expected from it. The circumstances attending the publication of a book in this country render it utterly impossible for us to arrange for simultaneous publication in America. It will be necessary to amend this provision before the law can become efficacious.'

M. Georges Ohnet, the novelist, who was one of our party, declared that he concurred entirely in the views expressed by M. Ollendorff, who is, by the way, his publisher.

I need scarcely add that I have M. Ollendorff's permission to make public what he said.

PARIS, March 4, 1892.

THEODORE STANTON.

#### THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION IN CANADA

THE copyright question was raised in the Canadian House of Commons, at Ottawa, on Monday last. Mr. Bowers inquired whether or not it was the intention of the Government to arrange for the reciprocity of copyright with the Government of the United States at an early period. Sir John Thompson, in reply, said that Canada did not propose to make any change. Foreigners were already provided for in the act, and the United States had adopted a settled policy on the copyright question.

#### THE CONVENTION WITH GERMANY

THE literary convention between Germany and the United States passed its third reading in the Reichstag last Monday. \*

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

IN THE exhibition of old and modern oil-paintings at the Union League Club, March 10-12, a really 'important' Troyon, 'The Ferry,' held the place of honor. The scene is a broad reach of the lower Seine at sunset. In the immediate foreground is a ferry landing, with an animated group of figures and cattle; but the whole value of the painting is in the landscape, which it would be hard to match for the impression which it gives of space and far-sent light. It is a 'Coucher de Soleil Romantique' such as might satisfy Baudelaire himself. Kenyon Cox's 'Echo' might have been a much more graceful figure if the artist had separated a little the arm on which she leans from the body; the expression is charming, color harmonious, technique sound. It is a decidedly interesting picture. A portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, was notable chiefly for the beauty of the King's slashed and laced jerkin. 'The Portrait,' by De Forest Brush; 'The Canoe Builder,' a decorative landscape, by R. A. Blakelock; Charles C. Curran's 'On the Hillside'; and E. E. Simmons's 'Afternoon School,' a group of school-girls on a bench, one asleep and three figuring out a sum, were remarkable among the American paintings.

—Mr. Frank D. Millet exhibited in his studio last Saturday several paintings made this year and last. One is a 'Pompeian Cup Bearer'—a girl in thin classical robes, carrying a wine cup. Another is a young woman in white, seated at her embroidery before a window with muslin curtains. A large painting, displayed last year at the Royal Academy, shows the widow of an officer fallen at Waterloo, who sits and watches her little son at his meal in a well-ordered dining-room. The well-known canvas showing Antony van Corlear, the trumpeter, was one of the older works exhibited.

—Arthur Lyman Tuckerman, Manager of the Art School of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, died on Tuesday, at Monte Carlo, of consumption. He was thirty-one years old, a graduate of the Beaux Arts, Paris, and a pupil of M. Marette, the architect. He designed the wings of the Museum of Art, and had completed plans for the improvement of the east side of the building before

his death. Mr. Tuckerman was the author of 'A Short History of Architecture,' 'Design,' a study of the works of Vignola, and of various articles upon artistic subjects. His father was Charles Tuckerman, Minister to Greece.

—Recent subscriptions to the casts fund of the Metropolitan Museum bring the total from \$55,250 to \$58,520. Gen. Cullum's bequest of \$20,000 will leave but \$21,480 to be raised.

—From Bok's *Literary Leaves* we learn that Mr. Theodore Child is at work, in Paris, on the illustrations for an elaborate catalogue of the Oriental art-objects, particularly jades, belonging to Mr. Heber R. Bishop of this city. Over thirty large etchings on copper, by noted artists, are being printed in colors according to a theory of which Mr. Childs claims to be the inventor.

—At Klackner's is to be seen a well-etched likeness of the late ex-President Porter of Yale. A new etching by Haig, 'The Portal of the Cathedral of Rheims,' is to be seen at Wunderlich's.

—In the assembly rooms of the Madison Square Garden, on Tuesday evening, the members of the Nineteenth Century Club and their friends listened to Mr. Walter Crane, the well-known English artist, on 'Modern Life and the Development of the Artistic Sense.' Messrs. W. A. Coffin and Edward E. Simmons followed Mr. Crane with an interesting discussion.

—The Duc d'Aumale has announced to his colleagues of the Institute, says the Paris letter in *Literary Opinion*, that he has purchased forty miniatures painted in the fifteenth century by Jean Fouquet, for the Book of Hours of Etienne Chevalier, who was High Treasurer of France in the reign of Charles VII. These works of art cost their purchaser 12,000<sup>l</sup>, and will be placed among the collections at Chantilly.

—Prang & Co. have just published 'The Shadow of the Cross' and 'Cherubs,' lithographed after Alfred Meissner. The drawings are pretty and the blueish key of color is, just now, fashionable.

—Louise B. Robinson, describing in the Boston *Journal* a recent visit to the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, declares that Browning's portrait was painted by his son just before the poet's death. It shows a standing figure.

—The Robert L. Cutting collection, on exhibition this week at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, contains an oil sketch and a water-color by Fortuny, and several good examples of the modern Spanish school. It will be sold on March 22. The Schaus collection of fifty-six paintings was sold on the 8th inst. for \$35,850. Jacquet's 'Joan of Arc Praying for France' was not sold, as it has been presented by Mr. Schaus to the municipality of Rouen, in which city Joan was burned.

### The Bibliography of Matthew Arnold

[*The Pall Mall Budget*]

'THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF Matthew Arnold,' which we owe to the intelligent industry of Mr. Thomas Burnett Smart, was issued on Tuesday, and is full of matter which will be of curious interest to Arnold's admirers and 'collectors.' Perhaps what strikes one first, on turning over Mr. Smart's pages, is the testimony they afford to Arnold's extreme fastidiousness. In the successive editions of his poems the changes made are, says Mr. Smart, 'very confusing; some poems are omitted, new ones are introduced, and the titles of others are altered. Poems omitted from several editions reappear in later volumes, while some are reprinted only in fragments.' And not only so; but 'when preparing his Poems for a new edition, Mr. Arnold frequently took the opportunity of revising the text.' This latter remark applies, we may add, equally to the prose writings. The prefaces in particular show considerable alterations in successive editions. A comparative study of Arnold's emendations and revisions would be very interesting. Perhaps Mr. Smart will give it us some day. Another point which comes out very clearly in the Bibliography is the scanty recognition which Arnold's poems at first obtained. The recognition, when it did come, came, as it were, with a rush. 'The Strayed Reveller,' published in 1849, was almost immediately withdrawn from circulation. 'Empedocles on Etna' (1852) was withdrawn before fifty copies were sold. The 'Poems' of 1853 were reissued in 1854 and in 1857, but did not appear again till 1869. Eight or nine years later, Arnold's more popular fame had set in; and the volume of 'Selected Poems,' first issued in 1878, was reprinted eight times during the ensuing decade. It may be interesting to state that the total number of items enumerated and described in the Bibliography is 235. This includes all his education reports, his magazine articles, and his signed contributions to the press. Anonymous contributions are not included. These, to *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Pall Mall Budget* alone, were very numerous; but, although Arnold never wrote anything, signed or unsigned, without

care, it was not thought proper to identify what for one reason or another he had not chosen to put his name to. Of all Matthew Arnold's publications, the rarest is 'Alaric at Rome,' his Rugby prize poem (1840). Until a few weeks ago, the only known copy was in the possession of Mr. Gosse. But another copy has recently come to light. This is in the possession of that indefatigable collector, Mr. T. J. Wise. A facsimile reprint of it, with an introduction by Mr. Buxton Forman, is to be produced for private circulation. The first edition of Arnold's Oxford prize poem ('Cromwell') is also extremely scarce.

### Notes

AS WE have already announced, Mr. Curtis is to repeat in this city, on Monday evening next, March 21, at half-past eight o'clock, his admirable address on James Russell Lowell, first delivered before the Brooklyn Institute on Washington's Birthday. The New York Kindergarten Association, which has the affair in charge, will devote the proceeds to the foundation of a new primary school, to be known as the Lowell Kindergarten. The cause is a noble one, and the occasion will be one of exceptional interest. Reserved seats will be sold at \$150; general admission, \$1. The lecture will be given in the theatre of the Manhattan Athletic Club, at Madison Avenue and 45th Street.

—Word came by cable on Monday, that the Egypt Exploration Fund had elected Mr. Curtis to succeed Mr. Lowell as its sole Honorary Vice-President. Mr. Edward G. Mason, President of the Historical Society and of the University Club of Chicago, was elected Vice-President. The Rev. Dr. Winslow of Boston will act as Honorary Secretary in this country.

—In reviewing Lowell's 'Essays,' *The Saturday Review* finds occasion for the following remarks:—

Really cultivated Americans, between the day of Washington Irving and the days of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, were in, perhaps, a better position for judging the English eighteenth century than any Englishman. More of its temper and tastes survived with them; they had not undergone the strong English revolt against it, and they had been born too early to feel the sometimes rather finikin reaction in its favor which both Americans and Englishmen of later date have felt or chosen to feel. Now, in one direction, Gray is the most eighteenth-century Englishman, as Walpole, Johnson, Fielding, Burke are in others. Mr. Lowell, therefore, had a good matter for him to indite of, and he indited of it well.

—A volume of short stories by the late Mr. Balestier, 'The Average Woman,' is to be issued, with a memoir by Mr. Henry James.

—Joel Chandler Harris's 'On the Plantation' contains fresh stories of Brer Rabbit, Brer Owl, Brer Buzzard and other characters immortalized by Uncle Remus. Much of the book, however, is understood to be the story of the author's own life. E. W. Kemble has illustrated it, and D. Appleton & Co. will publish it at once. They announce also, in their Town and Country Library, 'The Story of Philip Methuen,' by Mrs. J. H. Needell, author of 'Stephen Ellicott's Daughter.'

—J. B. Lippincott Co. are bringing out 'The Tempest' in Dr. Horace Howard Furness's monumental Varioriorum Edition of Shakespeare. Miss Dallas's ably-edited 'Diary of George Mifflin Dallas,' her father, during the terms of his Ministry to Russia and England, is in the press of the same firm; as is also 'Born of Flame,' by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke.

—A new volume of poems by Mr. Clinton Scollard will appear this fall. Of his privately printed 'Giovio and Giulia' only forty copies remain unsold. They may be had from the author, at Clinton, N. Y.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'The Discovery of America,' with an account of ancient America and the Spanish Conquest, by John Fiske, a large-paper edition, limited to 250 copies; 'A Fellowe and his Wife,' by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp; 'The Rescue of an Old Place,' by Mary Caroline Robbins; and, in the Riverside Paper Series, a new edition of Arthur Sherburne Hardy's 'Passe Rose.'

—The same house will issue on the 26th 'A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days,' by F. Hopkinson Smith; Fiske's 'Discovery of America,' in two volumes; 'San Salvador,' a novel, by Mary Agnes Tincker; a one-dollar edition of Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables'; and 'The Unseen Friend,' by Lucy Larcom.

—The April *Century* will urge the improvement of American highways, and (in an article by ex-Postmaster-General James) the reduction of ocean postage from five cents to two. Castelar's 'Life of Columbus' will be begun in May.

—A first-rate portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold, from a photograph by Gutekunst, forms the frontispiece of the March *Photographic Times*. Mrs. Humphry Ward is seen, in full face, in the March *Book News*. *The Book Buyer* for March has a portrait of J. M. Barrie. Biographical sketches accompany the Ward and Barrie likenesses.

—Mrs. Erving Winslow is to give four afternoon readings of short stories by Barrie, Kipling, Miss Wilkins and others, beginning at the house of Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, 2 Washington Square, on March 26.

—The seventeenth session of the Sauveur Summer College of Languages will be held at Exeter, N. H., from July 11 to Aug. 19.

—An excellent concert for the benefit of the Normal College Alumnae Library will be given this (Saturday) evening at the Carnegie Music Hall. The Library is entirely without resources, and must be closed unless a good sum of money is realized.

—It appears that M. Renan will be the next Director of the French Academy. He is correcting the last proof-sheets of his 'Mélanges.'

—Hereafter *The Epoch*, the political and literary weekly started five years ago by Mr. De Witt J. Seligman, will be merged in *Munsey's Magazine*. Mr. Seligman's associate editors at one time or another were Messrs. John Foord, George Parsons Lathrop, Nathan Haskell Dole, Lee J. Vance and the late Edmund Collins.

—G. B. E. of Salem, Mass., writes to *The Critic*:—'I notice that Mr. Winfield S. Nevins, in his articles on Salem Witchcraft in *The New England Magazine*, gives dates of the session of the Court of Oyer and Terminer at variance with the dates mentioned by Hutchinson and, I think, Upham. I had supposed that those authorities, and Hutchinson in particular, had access to every record now in existence and perhaps some others. Should not one who attempts to give different dates produce some undisputed authority if he has it? For one, I am curious to know where any such authority is to be found, and must cling to the old and undisputed until the new is backed up by something other than a writer's say-so.'

—Judge Shipman has filed a decision in the case of Merriam vs. the *Texas Siftings* Publishing Co. in the United States Circuit Court. The defendant has advertised and sold as a premium for subscriptions to its weekly paper a reprint of the 1847 edition of Webster's Dictionary, on which the copyright has expired, and which has been out of print for nearly thirty years, so wording its advertisement as to induce the public to think that the book was a copy of the plaintiff's later and revised editions of the Unabridged. The Judge decides that hereafter 'each book delivered by it or its agents should contain a notice by printed slips attached to the title-page that it is a reprint of the edition of 1847 of Webster's Dictionary, with a list of the editions that have been made thereto and which the book contains.'

—The Waverly Co. announces a cheap edition of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.' 'For forty-two years,' it is stated, 'a copyright has protected what has been conceded to be the greatest American novel ever written'; but now that that term has expired, the book may be published by any one who wishes to print it. For some time to come, we suspect, the admirers of Hawthorne's genius will find the editions issued by his regular publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., more to their taste than any 'unauthorized' reprints.

—In a despatch from Washington, the *Times* reports Mrs. Burnett to be at work on a new novel, the writing of which has been temporarily interrupted by her voyage to America. The correspondent continues:—

Just before leaving London Mrs. Burnett formally opened the Drury Lane Boys' Club, to which, as a memorial to her son Lionel, she made a gift of the reading-room and library. The club is composed of poor boys, and began in one of the poorest sections of the city, in a miserable little room. Hearing of it, Mrs. Burnett at once became interested, and finally succeeded in securing the house in which it is now permanently established. The origin and growth of this club, and how and why she became interested in it, will form the subject of a sketch that Mrs. Burnett this morning gave her word of honor to an importunate publisher should very soon be written, to appear in book form. As a reward for her acquiescence in the matter, she received, what she prizes far more than all the money she has ever made, a genuine hearty hug by a pair of strong, boyish arms; for the prospective publisher is none other than her son Vivian, who is the editor of *The Moon*, a weekly sheet of diminutive size, published by him in conjunction with several school friends. The basement floor is given up to the printing-press from which was recently issued the first book written by one of the associate editors.

—'How the vernacular vigor of Mr. Kipling looks when put into a French dress' may be seen in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,

where 'Hors du Cercle' answers to 'Beyond the Pale' in 'Plain Tales from the Hills.'

—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for early publication 'A Manual of Musical History,' by James E. Matthews; 'The Art of Golf,' by Sir W. G. Simpson; 'Putnam's Pronouncing Handbook Dictionary'; 'Tales of King Arthur and his Knights,' by Margaret Vere Farrington (a new edition, printed in raised letters for the blind); 'The Byzantine Empire,' by C. W. Oman; 'Wicif and the English Reformation,' by Lewis Sergeant; 'Louis XIV.' by Arthur Hassall; 'Napoleon,' by W. O'Connor Morris; and 'Who Pays Your Taxes?,' by David A. Wells and others. They also have in preparation 'Earth-Burial and Cremation,' by Augustus G. Cobb; 'The End of Time,' a poem, by L. G. Barbour; and 'Cardiac Outlines,' by William Ewart, M.D.

—Burnett Lewis of Hanover Street, Boston, was arrested last Saturday on a charge of selling obscene literature, seventy volumes of Boccaccio's 'Decameron' being found on the premises.

—In the review of Mrs. Piozzi's 'Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century' (*Critic*, March 5), writes Mr. Arthur Howard Noll of Port Gibson, Miss., 'these words appear:— "Fashions must have been less changeable than ours, for we are told that when ladies of distinction were married, they brought with them garments enough to last seven years. Evidently eighteenth-century Italian Jacobs were not so much to be pitied, if Leah's trousseau lasted till Rebecca's wedding!"' Some one has nodded. Rebecca was Isaac's wife, the mother of Jacob. Her trousseau must have been quite worn out before her son's marriage to Leah. But allowing that the reviewer's 'Rebecca' is a *lapsus calami* for 'Rachel,' which was the name of Jacob's second wife, the passage above quoted implies that the reviewer has fallen into a very popular error respecting the length of time between Jacob's two marriages. A reference to the Scriptural account ('Genesis,' xxix. 21-30) will show that only a week elapsed after the marriage of Leah before the marriage of Rachel. It was not 'a week of years,' but after the seven days of the first wife's nuptials that Jacob wedded Rachel. He proceeded at once to fulfil his promise of another seven years of service, but without delaying his marriage.'

—The Abbé Bossuet, who recently died in Paris, at the age of ninety-two, was an intimate friend of Victor Hugo, and in his library the poet, novelist and dramatist is said to have collected the materials for 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.'

—In *Kate Field's Washington*, Mr. Alexander Salvini says:— Everywhere in America people want to hear about my father, and ask whether he will be seen again on the stage. He will not come to this country again, but he is playing a very few times this year in some of the chief European cities. He acts only one night in a city, joining the company near the end of its season. He is playing Iago, which sounds very odd, accustomed as most people are to thinking of him as Othello. Of course he does not look the part, as he knows very well, yet there is the intensest eagerness wherever he plays to see him in the new rôle.

—A Russian writer named Galachoff has just published a volume of reminiscences of Tourguenoff, whom he knew intimately. The book contains many interesting anecdotes and new material regarding the great novelist.

—The *Pall Mall Budget* of March 3 gives a capital full-page reproduction of Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Miss Clough. The face is most comely and interesting, and fully bears out the allusions in Mr. Gosse's 'In Memoriam' in this week's *Critic*.

—Mr. Harold Frederic cables to the *Times* :—

Prof. Blackie, that astonishing octogenarian, has an article in one of the magazines this week with a lot of odd reminiscences of distinguished people. Of course he includes Carlyle. Nobody writes now about anything he remembers without bringing in Carlyle. One of Blackie's stories is characteristic of both men. One Sunday evening Blackie was calling at Chelsea. Carlyle talked on for hours, refusing to allow others to get in a word edgewise. Mrs. Carlyle had something she especially wanted to say and was almost tearful because she found no chance. Blackie at last went over and grabbed Carlyle by the shoulders and shook him fiercely, crying:—'Let your wife speak, you monster!' But Carlyle wouldn't all the same.

—Frederick Warne & Co. will shortly add to their Chandos Classics 'The Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arblay (Frances Burney),' with notes by William C. Ward, and Lord Macaulay's Essay on the author.

—The family Bible of George Washington's mother, owned by Mrs. Lewis Washington, of Charleston, W. Va., is now on exhibition at Mount Vernon. It has a cover of homespun cloth put on by its original owner. The *Washington Post* says that the book is wonderfully preserved for its age, except that the first five or six pages have been torn out and placed in the cornerstone of the Mary Washington Monument, at Fredericksburg, Va. The first

entry is of the marriage of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball, in 1731; and the next is of the birth of George Washington, Feb. 11, 1732 (old style).

—A man demanded of a London bookseller a copy of 'Omar Khayyam.' 'Sir,' replied the shopkeeper, after some delay, 'we have got his "Iliad" and his "Odyssey," but not his "Khayyam."

—At the various faculties of Paris, 252 women, native-born or foreign, are pursuing their studies—an increase of 100 since 1890.

—Owing to the Crown having acquired the site of its offices in Took's Court, the printing and publishing departments of *The Athenaeum* will at Lady Day be removed to Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. The paper has been printed at Took's Court since 1830.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1650.—Who wrote the lines

That perfect presence of His face  
Which we, for lack of words, call Heaven?

NEW YORK.

G. C.

1651.—In *The Southern Literary Messenger* for April, 1844, published at Richmond, Va., on pages 240-5, there is a criticism of Tennyson's Poems. Is it known who was the writer? Were any of the English criticisms on Tennyson, at that time, of a similar tone?

NEW ORLEANS.

R. C. K.

1652.—1. What is the real name of Michael Field, the writer of some original and interesting verse? 2. What is the story explaining the picture called King Ramirez, reproduced in *Harper's Monthly*, Vol. LXXVI., page 507?

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

S. H.

[2. This question was answered in *The Critic* some years since, but we cannot give the date of the number containing the reply.]

### Publications Received

*Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.*

Abbott, E., etc. The Fourth Gospel. \$1.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Aitken, G. A. Life and Works of John Arbuthnot. \$2.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Arnold, E. Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems. \$1.25.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Berry, F. Le Français Pratique. \$1.	W. R. Jenkins.
Browne, A. Morals of Christ. soc.	Browne, A. Morals of Christ. soc.
Brant, J. L. Marriage and the Home. \$1.	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Cambridge, A. My Guardian. \$1.	D. Appleton & Co.
Carey, M. F. Biblio. Omaha, Neb.: Ackermann Bros. & Heine.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Dante, The Hell of. Ed. by A. J. Butler. \$3.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Dresser, A. R. Lantern-Slides and How to Make Them. 25c. Scovill & Adams Co.	Chicago: Scovill & Adams Co.
Eckermann, E., and Chatrain, A. Mme. Thérèse. Ed. by G. W. Rollins. 75c.	Ginn & Co.
Evans, E. W. Walter Savage Landor. \$1.25.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Freeman, E. A. Historical Essays. \$2.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Gould, E. P. Strat Pebbles from the Shores of Thought. \$1.	Boston: E. P. Gould.
Hanslick, E. The Beautiful in Music. Trans. by G. Cohen. \$1.	Novello Ewer & Co.
Jeffries, R. Red Deer. \$1.25.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Johnson, S. Rasselais. \$1.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Johnson, B. Timber. Ed. by F. E. Shelling. 90c.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Krause, G. Growth of German Unity. \$1.	London: D. Nutt.
Landon, W. S. Imaginary Conversations. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Leconte, M. Bouderie. 25c.	W. R. Jenkins.
Logan, C. How to Reduce Your Weight, or Increase It. 30c.	W. A. Kellogg.
Maurice, F. D. Lincoln's Inn Sermons. Vol. V. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Maxwell, J. C. Theory of Heat. 10th edition. \$1.50.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Non on Calvary. 35c.	Chas. T. Dillingham & Co.
Oppenheim, E. P. The Peer and the Woman. 30c.	Taylor & Co.
Oxby, J. McD. Donald Grant's Development. 25c.	Phila.: Am. Bap. Pub. Soc.
Phila.: Am. Bap. Pub. Soc.	W. R. Jenkins.
Perron, G., and Chipiez, C. History of Art in Persia, Phrygia, etc. 2 vols. \$14.50.	Harper & Bros.
Pinkerton, T. A. A New Saint's Tragedy. 50c.	A. C. Armstrong & Co.
Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Maps of Indian and Oklahoma Territories, Ohio and Oregon. 25c. each.	Harper & Bros.
Redmondino, P. C. Mediterranean Shores of America. \$1.25.	Phila.: F. A. Davis Co.
Rollins, A. W. From Palm to Glacier. \$1.75.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Savage-Armstrong, G. F. One in the Infinite. \$2.50.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Sargent, E. Peculiar. 50c.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Schloss, D. F. Methods of Industrial Remuneration. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Statesman's Year-Book. Ed. by J. S. Keltie. \$3.	Macmillan & Co.
Stephen, J. F. Horn Sabbath. \$1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Sharp, W. Life and Letters of Joseph Severn. \$1.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Sullivan, J. W. Direct Legislation. 75c.	Twentieth Century Pub. Co.
Voysey, C. Lecture on the Bible. 50c.	Chicago: H. Kerr & Co.
Ward, H. M. The Oak. 50c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Watson, W. Poems. \$1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Wormeley, K. P. Memoir of Honoré de Balzac. \$1.50.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Whymper, E. Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator. \$6.	Chas. Scribner's Sons
Williams, Isaac. Autobiography. Ed. by G. Prevost. \$1.50.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Zenophon's Anabasis, with Vocabulary. \$1.50.	Ginn & Co.

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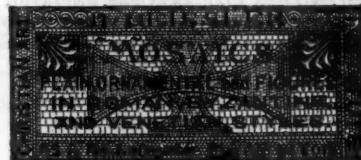
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